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## THE GRECIAN PHILOSOPHIES AND CHRISTIANITY COMPARED.

THE most of my young readers are probably aware, that before the promulgation of the Christian doctrines and morality, there existed different kinds of philosophy, which were the work of certain intelligent Grecian sages. It is probable that some account of those different codes of morals, in contrast with the sublimer and purer theory and applicability of Christianity, may be perused with advantage.

The leading sects of the philosophies of the ancients were the Epicurean, the Stoic, the Peripatetic, and the Academic; the Peripatetic, however, was little more than a modification of the first two; while the characteristic of the Academic was placed principally in its doubts and difficulties, so that the two sects chiefly meriting attention are the Epicurean and the Stoic. The philosophy of Epicurus (a Grecian who flourished about four hundred years before Christ) had for its principal object the enjoyment of pleasure. With its followers pleasure was therefore, held as the greatest good, and pain as the greatest evil. On the other hand, the governing aim of the Stoics was a constant virtuous propriety, which led them in principle to despise pleasure, and to hold pain in sovereign contempt. It will at once be perceived that neither of these systems possessed the property of perpetuity. Both were the invention or the freak of persons with a particular turn of mind, and were not of general application. Epicurus himself led a temperate life, and essentially taught that happiness was not to be found in mere sensual pleasure; but his theory often and those who adhered to it to become debased voluptuaries; while the philosophy of the Stoics fostered their pride, led them occasionally to commit suicide, produced too frequently unmercifulness and harshness towards their fellow creatures, and admitted the indulgence of revenge and other ferocious passions; but little else, indeed, could have been expected; nor were sympathy and tenderness of feelings towards others to have been looked for from men whose hearts were needed even to their own sufferings. The philosophies of the Epicureans and Stoics, it ought also to be mentioned, by no means went the length of releasing the mind from the absurdities of superstition. Although most of the members of those sects had some general, though imperfect, knowledge of a Supreme Being, yet even their minds were generally clouded with the notions of the vulgar, from which their superior attainments could not extricate them. The Epicureans appear to have been uncertain whether the Deity was one, or consisted of a great number; but they felt convinced that they led in Heaven lives of indolence and repose, caring nothing about human affairs. Although Socrates said he believed in one Great First Cause, yet he directed that at his death a cock should be sacrificed to Esculapius. His general views were good on this important matter yet we find him gravely recommending that men should honour their country's gods, thus showing that he himself credited both their existence and power. He resembled the ignorant Hindoos, who, though they have a general belief of a great Creator, a preserver and destroyer, yet think there are in the universe innumerable subordinate deities.

With regard to the important question of a future state, the Epicureans totally disbelieved it; and Cesar, a noted adherent of their sect, in his famous speech in the Roman senate, as to the mode of disposing of, or punishing Catiline, had no hesitation in announcing his opinion that death terminated the pains of mortals, and that beyond the grave there was neither sorrow nor

joy.\* The reasonings of Socrates on the subject have been lauded far beyond their merits, and were confused and unsatisfactory; and while Cicero laughed with not a little scorn at the "triple-headed mastiff, the howling river, the Stygian ferry, and the half drowned Tantalus," the views which he endeavoured to substitute in their place were very dark, and of but little consequence. The philosophers of the ancient world, who approached probably nearest the truth on these great subjects, were Pythagoras and Plato—the former in the sixth century, and the latter in the fourth century before Christ; and it is interesting to learn, that as both of them, in quest of knowledge, had gone to Egypt, it was understood that they had got their juster ideas by being made acquainted in that country with the Books of Moses and the Prophets. Pythagoras, who visited Babylon during the great captivity, is further supposed to have there met with Ezekiel and Daniel, and been instructed by them. † Plato was a follower of Pythagoras in things intellectual, but more enlightened than that philosopher in some things. He believed that there was one God, the author of all things; that the soul is immortal; that men ought to restrain their passions; and that there was a recompense for the good and a punishment for the wicked, after death. He tried to inspire a love of truth and wisdom, and to promote contemplation on objects of an imperishable nature. But in the inculcation of these amiable doctrines he failed in exciting minds of a gross nature, and he could gain adherents only among the most intelligent, or among persons of a naturally good disposition. One of the most singular features in the philosophy of Plato was his belief relative to evil which he attributed to the existence of matter; and then to avoid the danger of appearing to attribute the origin of evil to the Supreme Being, he laid down the proposition that matter was not created, but eternal. After his death, his disciples divided themselves into the two sects already noticed—the Academics and the Peripatetics, the latter having Aristotle for their chief.

What chiefly engaged the attention of all those eminent ancients was their *Summum Bonum*, as it was named, or the greatest and most important object of their existence. This differed in the several sects. With regard to that of the Epicureans, under every variety of shade, and under all the refinements which a cultivated intellect could confer, it was in reality *sensual enjoyment*. And as respects that of the Stoics, it seemed to be an abstract idea of propriety, of conforming to the ill-understood will of God, and to live, as they expressed it, "according to nature." Such were their aims: but it is certain that if their *Summum Bonum*, whatever that might be, was meant at all to regard their lives, those lives were the present ones in this world; for their views of its utility extended but little beyond the grave, into regions of which they had but a slender and confused idea. What, then, may we ask, is the amount of all these much-vaunted heathen philosophies? It is, that the religious ideas of their members were generally fanciful and superstitious; that their notions of futurity were dark and unsatisfactory; that the conduct in life

\* De pena, possumus equidem dicere id, quod res habet. In luctu, atque miseriis, mortem æternamur requiem, non cruciatum esse: cum cuncta mortalium mala dissolvere: ultra neque curæ, neque gaudii locum esse.—*Salustii Bellum Catilinæ*, l. 1.

† Rollin, in his *Histoire des Philosophes*, mentions that "Pythagore passa ensuite dans le pays des Caldéens, pour connaître la science des magies. On prétend qu'il y a vu voir à Babylone Ezéchiel et Daniel, et profiter de leurs lumières." And in speaking of Plato, he says, "Il visita ensuite l'Égypte, et conversa long-temps avec les prêtres Égyptiens, qui lui enseignèrent une grande partie de leurs traditions. On croit même qu'il lui firent connaître les livres de Moïse, et ceux des Prophètes." I do not lay that stress on the writings of this elegant modern writer which would be demanded by an ancient authority, but there can be little doubt that both Pythagoras and Plato were much indebted to the compilations of "Moses and the Prophets," or the Jewish Scriptures, for that tone of moral feeling and sense of the one God which they individually professed.

which arose from their ruling object was either the pursuit of pleasure and sensual gratification, or it was the commission of suicide, and giving way to the harsher and coarser passions of our nature. Luckily, these fantastic Grecian philosophies carried with them the seeds of their own decay. They were not calculated to endure the "tear and wear" of ordinary life, and were founded on such minute sophisms, or modes of reasoning, that nobody but the studious and learned could comprehend them. And how were they taught? It was by their founders or promoters in academies and schools, in the porches of temples, and in the recesses of groves; and to whom? Perhaps to a few young men belonging to the upper classes of society, who affected to follow for a season, by turns, the Epicurean or some other philosophy, which they changed with the fashion, and ultimately fell from and forgot. None of the Grecian philosophical teachers from first to last—Pythagoras, Socrates, Democritus, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus and so forth—ever made any impression on the public mind, apparently treating the poor and the unlearned as little better than beasts, who were not fit to understand their exalted notions, and who, they imagined, were well off as to their religion, in merely seeing the usual sacrifices performed at the altars. At a somewhat later era the very same inefficiency of these noted philosophies is seen in the conduct of the learned among the Romans; and the transcendent idea of adapting a philosophy to the capacities and the daily wants of the whole human race was never so much as thought of. The leaders of the Grecian schools taught their systems for money, like modern schoolmasters, and the idea of communicating a knowledge in morals, for nothing, to the masses of people who crowded the thoroughfares, was a stretch of philanthropy which they did not countenance. Even the Jewish code of laws or religion was but of local application, and thus the field was open for the occupation of some one of extraordinary extent of intellect and beneficent principle, who would for the first time lay down a simple, yet vigorous and permanent system of ethics, which all could comprehend, and all find it possible to act upon. Such an individual was at length raised up in the person of the Saviour, Christ. On comparing his important doctrines and morals, as recorded in the history of his life and sufferings in the various Books of the New Testament, with those which I above noticed, and which were the best the ancients could show, the veriest sceptic will be compelled to allow that they were the thing which was at the time, and for all time, wanted by mankind. His religion was not promulgated in schools, academies, or secluded groves, to a few pupils gathered from the upper ranks, and with minds trained by cultivation to comprehend it. Nor was it adapted merely to the moral guidance of the rich and the powerful, or confined in its application to any particular country or any exclusive sect. The sentiments taught were of universal utility, and could be sufficiently comprehended by those who had no pretensions to human learning. In a worldly sense, the divine founder of this new and universal school of ethics was of mean origin, was unsupported by any kind of patronage; yet, even under these disadvantages—hated by a haughty priesthood, without school or academy, ignorant of the refined notions of Plato and the rest of the Grecian philosophers, did he *gratuitously* offer for acceptance a system of morality of unexampled excellence, and which the utmost ingenuity and contri-

vance of the learned for many centuries before him had entirely overlooked, or been unable to establish. The philosophic systems of the Greeks were little else than abstract theories, while his religion was of practical application, not only to every action, but to every thought which produced that action. Until he taught, no one from the beginning of the world ever laid down the grand principles in morals, of returning good for evil—of there being sins of the heart as well as of the hand—of the necessity for feeding the poor and clothing the naked—of comforting those in affliction—of judging charitably of others—of the sinfulness of self-love, haughtiness, tyranny, and revenge—and the virtue of humility, and doing to our neighbours what we would desire they should do unto us. In laying down rules of this nature, nothing very tempting was held out to his followers, as in the case of the Epicurean pleasures; on the contrary, he told plainly that the bounty he offered could not be paid in this world's goods, and that the reward was to be sought for in another state of existence. Yet, though presented under this uninviting aspect, his lessons impressed the minds of immense multitudes of mankind, and soon put to shame the learned pride, both of the heathen philosophers, and of the Pharisees of his own nation. Unto all, Jesus taught an eternal truth in the unity and omnipotence of God, which in time put an end to all the superstitions of the Pantheon. The sentiments and truths which were in this manner introduced to the notice of mankind, and which are comprehended in the phrase *CHRISTIANITY*, form essentially the philosophy of the poor man, and is therefore to be hailed as by far the greatest good in morals which has ever been made known to the human race. From small and despised beginnings, in an obscure rugged country in Asia, this beneficent religion has spread abroad, and covered the whole civilized world. "The least of all seeds grew up, and became a great tree, and spread out its branches. The stone which was cut out of the mountain shall itself become a great mountain, and fill the earth."

#### SECURE ONES.

"I MAK SICKER."

Motto of the Family of Kirkpatrick.

"On, he's a sicker ane!" is a phrase used in Scotland in reference to that class of people who make excessively sure about every thing, and are in no manner of means to be imposed upon. I style such persons Secure Ones, in order to be intelligible to southern as well as northern readers. Every body must know a certain class of Secure Ones by the timid cautiousness and exactness of their behaviour; by the trim, unostentatious propriety of their external aspect. There is a lambswoolly comfort and a broad-cloth completeness about this sort of Secure One, that nobody can mistake; he even seems to have made the number of buttons in his vest, and the height to which that garment is buttoned up, a matter of accurate calculation. He could not go abroad under less than a certain press of flannel and great-coat for the world; and you might almost as soon expect to meet him without his left arm as minus the silk umbrella under it. (He carries the latter part of himself or fifth limb, at an angle of about sixty degrees to the horizon, the handle down behind, and the point forked up in front.) When he observes any part of the pavement railed off, in order to save the passengers all danger from an occasional pelleting of stones and bits of plaster, which the slaters or chimney-doctors are producing from above, he deploys into the street a good way before coming up to the actual rail or rope, and, in passing, takes care to sweep several good yards beyond the utmost range of shot. "Don't let these things coming peppering down that way; might almost dislocate one's shoulder if they were to fall upon it; perhaps we had better go over to the other side of the street altogether. No need, you know, for running into unnecessary danger." When a Secure One ascends a stair, he goes step after step monotonously on, performing every move of his feet with a sound, conscientious deliberation, and seems determined upon doing full justice to every landing place. He holds firmly, however unnecessarily, by the baluster, since the baluster is there, and he has an obvious satisfaction in the slight pant which he thinks himself entitled to get up on the occasion. The Secure One always shuts a door carefully behind him. He takes off his hat softly, with a regard at once to the smooth economy of his hair, and the pile of his chapeau. He has a maxim that the hat should be first raised and loosened from behind, where it slides up along the glossy hair, not from the front, where it encounters a comparative obstruction from the fleshy brow. He lays down his gloves neatly on the top of each other, and hangs up his hat with an air of carefulness truly exemplary. The Secure One is a bit of an epicure. When out in the forenoon, he would not for any consideration take lunch or wine. "Madam, would you have me spoil my appetite for dinner?" This appetite he nurses and cherishes in the course of his

saunterings between two and five, as carefully as a miser doating over his heap. He holds a telegraphic communion with his inner man that passeth show; he coquets and dallies with his stomach; every indescrutable symptom is taken into account, and forms the subject of unexpressed congratulation. "Dear tender flowers of appetite, it would be sacrilege, or worse, to nip ye in the bud, by powdering over you the baneful dew of a glass of Buccellas, or the still more odious blight of a basin of mulligatawny. No, I will coax you and protect you, and travel for you, in faithful love and kindness, even until ye shall be fully fattened up for slaughter at five o'clock." When the Secure One sits down to table, he painfully and not ostentatiously (to himself) relieves the one lowest button of his vest from the thrall of button-hole, and with equally deliberate care arranges a napkin over the front of his person. Dinner is a sacred ceremony, and requires its canonicals. Being fully acquainted with the whole planisphere of the table, he takes an exactly proportioned quantity of each article, so as ultimately to have enjoyed each in its exact proportion of merit, and to have precisely enough out of the whole. A Secure One is frequently an old respectable unmarried gentleman, residing with a single servant—Jenny—in a "self-contained" house about Stockbridge or Newington. Knowing the distance at which he lives from the mercantile parts of the town, he takes care never to want what he calls a pound of change, as well as a small stock of copper—at least the value of a shilling—observing also that the change is not unmixt with sixpences, so that when any shopkeeper's boy calls for payment of an account, or to take back the purchase-money of any article he has bought that day in town, he may not have to trouble [i. e. trust] the messenger with the duty of obtaining change for a bank note, which would tend to occasion a more than necessary answering of the bells at the door, besides keeping him in an agony of fiddle-faddle till the little affair was settled. Jenny, who has been so long in his service as to have become almost as secure as himself, never opens the door of nights without putting on the chain; and she has a standing order against all parleying with beggars, or poor women who sell tapes and such things out of baskets. The Secure One regards few creatures in this world with a more jealous or malignant eye than these personages. "Why, Sir, they want nothing but to make an opportunity of stripping the lobby or the kitchen!" And such a story he can tell of a missing hat-brush! "A woman seen that morning going about—sold a pair of garters to the maid-servant three doors off at ten—front door had been left open for a minute, not more, while Jenny ran after me with something I had forgot—and in that time—it could have been at no other—the deed was done. A hat-brush I had just got with my last hat at Grieve and Scott's; had a thing that screwed in at the one end, so that it was a stretcher also; cost four-and-sixpence, even taking the hat along with it." And the Secure One, without any premeditated hard-heartedness, thinks nothing of making such an incident apologize to himself for an habitual shutting of his door and his heart against the poor for the next twelve-month. There is never any imperfection in the *externe* of the Secure One. He bears about him a certain integrality of look that fills and satisfies the eye. From his good well-brushed water-proof beaver, all along down by his roomy blue coat, drab well-fledged, amply-trousered limbs, and so down to his double shoes, not omitting such points as his voluminous white neckcloth without collar, his large Cairngorm brooch, which looks as if a dish of jelly had been inverted into his bosom, and his heavy, pursy bunch of seals dangling, clearly defined and well relieved, from the precipice of belly—every thing betokens the Secure One. Clothes are no so much clothes with him as they are a kind of defensive armour! The truth is, the Secure One lives in a state of constant warfare with the skiey influences. The chief campaign is in winter. Instead of entering the field, like Captain Bobadil, about the tenth of March, he opens the trenches towards the twenty-fourth of October. He then invests himself with a cuirass of wool almost thick enough to obstruct the passage of a cannon ball. For months after, he remains in arms, prepared to stand out against the most violent attacks of the enemy, and, in reality, there is hardly any advantage to be got of the Secure One by fair open storms or frosts. He bears a charmed life against all such candid modes of warfare. He cannot be overthrown in a pitched battle. It is only ambuscade draughts through open windows, and other kinds of bush-fighting, that ever are of any effect against him. Like Hector in the armour of Patroclus, he is invulnerable over almost all his whole person; but an arrow rheumatism, like the spear of Achilles, will sometimes reach him through a very small chink. Like the mighty Achilles himself, he is literally proof, perhaps, against every thing but what assails him through the very lowest part of his person—he can stand every thing but wet feet. There is an instance on record of his having once been laid by the heels for three months, in consequence of sitting one night in the pit of the Theatre with a slightly damp umbrella between his knees. He was just about to get entirely better of this disorder, when all at once he was thrown back for six

weeks more, by reason, as he himself related, of his having changed the wear (in his sick-chamber) of a silk watch-ribbon for a chain! "All from the imprudence of that rash girl, Jenny, who thought the ribbon a little shabby, and put on the chain instead. Why, Sir! a thick double ribbon, more than an inch broad; only conceive what a material addition it must have been to my ordinary clothing!" The chain, he might have added, was apt to be worse than nothing, for it was of irregular application, tattooing his person, as it were, with a minutely decussated exposure, so that the cold was likely to have struck him as with the teeth of a comb! The Secure One has an anxiety peculiar to himself on the subject of easy chairs, night-gowns, and slippers. The easy chair must be exact in angle to a single minute of a degree; the night-gown must be properly seen to in respect of fur and flannel; the slippers must every night be placed for him at the proper place; and if Jenny has been so inattentive as to place the left one on the right of the other, he feels himself not a little discomposed. The Secure One is most pestilently and piquantly accurate about all things. He loves to arrange, and arrange, and arrange, and over again arrange and settle all the preliminaries and pertinents of any little matter which cannot reasonably be done but one way. If he wishes, for instance, to confer with an upholsterer respecting some alteration in the above easy chair, he first calls one forenoon and inflicts an hour's explanation upon the unhappy man of wood—who is not all a man of wood, otherwise he would, in such a case, be happy. It does not in the least matter at what hour the tradesman should come to see this chair, for the Secure One is to be at home the whole day. Yet the very liberty at which he stands produces a difficulty. It would be charity in Providence, by any interference, "to give him not to chuse." "Say eleven; I shall then be quite disengaged—will that hour suit you? Or make it any other hour—say twelve—or say half-past eleven—half-past would do very well." [He recollects that he seldom gets the whole fiddle-faddle of feeding the canaries over by half-past.] "Suppose it were a quarter to twelve; that would answer me better still. I may, perhaps, take a walk out at mid-day; would a quarter to twelve do? Or I might hurry the canaries, and then the half-past might do. I dare say half-past will do best after all; might half-past eleven." &c. &c. The man comes, and the business of the chair is entered into. The whole affair is most amply canvassed. The Secure One sits down in it, and gives a lecture in a very *ex-cathedra* style upon all its properties and defects. He complains of the back reclining a little too much back, or the bottom showing too little bottom, or some other fault equally inappreciable; and the upholsterer sees at once that the Secure One only complains of this, as he is apt to do of other things, for the very uneasiness arising from its over-easiness.

#### "Lulled on the rack of a too-easy chair."

The fact is, the Secure One has brought every application of life to such an absolute exactitude and perfection, that, having no longer any thing to give him pain, he becomes quite wretched. Secureness, it is evident, may go too far. We may become actually frightened in this world at our own caution. We may be shocked by the very unimpeachability of our own virtue. We may become miserable through the extremity of our happiness. In the same manner the Secure One, when he has "got all things right," as he would say, finds himself, to his great disappointment, just at the threshold of woe and evil. He has exactly got time to set his house in order, before the proper consequence of such an event befalls him; and he expires at the very moment when he has just completed his preparations to live.

There is another order of Secure Ones, whose carefulness refers rather to their wealth than their health. There is an awful inviolability of pocket about such men—a provoking guardedness against all the possible appeals of friendship, and all the impulses of benevolence. Such men look as if they were all staunchly fortified over. *La Pucelle* itself was not more perfectly fortified than their breeches. A poorer man is apt to feel in their presence as if he were under an indictment for an intention either to beg or borrow, or, perhaps, to steal from them. He sees something criminal against himself in every impregnable-looking button. Secure Ones of this class, perhaps, are bachelors under forty—careful, circumspect men, that have passed through the ordeal of a thousand evening parties without ever being in the least danger. They abstain from marrying, from very fear lest any advantage should be got of them. They cannot enter into the slightest intercourse with a young lady without letting it appear that they are perfectly on their guard. The most undesigning girl, like the above poor man, feels in their presence as if she were liable to be construed into an absolute "drapery miss." He is always quite civil; but that is from his very secureness; he knows he is in no danger. An experienced woman gives up a man of this kind at first sight. She sees he is cook's meat—i. e. that he is to marry a middle-aged

\* This and the subsequent traits are from real life, without the least exaggeration or embellishment.



the woman at fifty, upon the ground of her proficiency in preparing a beef-steak. The general feeling of the sex regarding this sort of Secure One is, "Confound the fellow! does he think that any one cares for him, or would take him though he were willing?"

"Nobody wants you, Sir, she said."

The Secure One, however, does not appear ever to suppose that the ladies have a veto in proposals of marriage. He looks upon them all as a class so eager on capturing and entrapping men, that it never enters into his head that there is such a thing as a rejected offer. The man he considers to be the passive and accepting party; the lady is the besieging enemy, and he is the fortress; the marriage takes place only if he chooses. It may be supposed, then, what would be the state of a Secure One's mind, if he were to relent some fine day in a fit of generosity (a thing only to be supposed in the event of his becoming *free*), and in a liberal, candid, nonourable manner, offer his hand to a young lady of little fortune, whom he was disposed to think suitable on the score of personal merit alone, but who, having some prior attachment to a man one half as old, and twice as generous, was under the necessity of only thanking him for the honour. The cook or any thing after that! And how the whole sex would rejoice in his calamity!! "A flow, forsooth, that has been a living insult to the tribe of womankind all his days. He is well served."

There is another kind of Secure One, considerably different in circumstances from the above—a married man about sixty, with a large family, in which there are several grown daughters. These girls are constantly under his eye. At church he puts them into a pew, and sits down at the door himself, as if he were a kind of serpent guarding the Hesperian fruit. To the eyes of hundreds of young men under twenty, who are not yet considered to be sufficiently settled in the world to marry, these young ladies seem unapproachable as the top of the sceptre. They look as if they were absolutely walled round with jealous and secure paternity. One after another they are taken off by middle-aged cousins and other distant relations, about whose "respectability" there can be no doubt; and the young men in the back pews sigh to see that the family is determined upon being self-contained. For it is one of those families, perhaps, who enjoy the credit of a great deal of vague, and not very strictly apportioned wealth, under the clause, "There's plenty o' siller among them;" and who seem as if they would consider the admission of a stranger into the circle as a thing of some danger, however "respectable" he might appear.

#### STORY OF MRS. MACFARLANE.

"Let them say I am romantic—no is every one said to be, that either admires a fine thing or does one. On my conscience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it. Glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other great debts; and neither Mrs. Macfarlane, for imitating her lover, nor you for constancy to your Lord, must ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia."—*Pope, to Lady M. W. Montague.*

It was formerly the fashion in Scotland for every father of a family to take all the people under his care along with him to church, leaving the house locked up till his return. No servant was left to cook the dinner, for it was then judged improper to take a dinner which required cooking. Neither, except in the case of a mere suckling, was it considered necessary to leave any of the children; every brat about the house was taken to church also; if they did not understand what was said by the minister, they at least did not prevent the attendance of those who did; and moreover—and this was always a great consideration—they were out of harm's way. One Sunday in autumn, 1719, Sir John Swinton of Swinton, in Berwickshire, was obliged to omit his little daughter Margaret from the flock which usually followed him to church. The child was indisposed with some trifling ailment, which, however, only rendered it necessary that she should keep her room. It was not considered requisite that a servant should be left behind to take charge of her, for she was too sagacious a child to require any such guardianship; and Sir John and Lady Swinton naturally grudged, with the scruples of the age, that the devotions of any adult member of their household should be prevented on such an account. The child, then, was left by herself in one of the upper bedrooms of the old baronial mansion of Swinton, no other measure being taken for her protection than that of locking the outer door.

For a girl of ten years of age, Margaret Swinton was possessed of much good sense and solidity of character. She heard herself doomed to a solitary confinement of six hours without shrinking; or thought, at least, that she would have no difficulty in beguiling the time by means of her new book—the *Pilgrim's Progress*. So long as the steps and voices of her kindred were heard about the house, she felt quite at her ease. But, in reality, the trial was too severe for the nerves of a child of her tender age. When she heard the outer door locked by the last person that left the house, she felt the sound as a knell. The shot of the bolt echoed through the long passages of the empty house with a supernatural loudness; and, next moment after, succeeded that perceptible audible quiet, the breath-like voice of an unattended mansion, which, like the hum of the vacant shell, seems still as if it were charged with sounds of life. There was no serious occasion for fear, seeing that nothing like real danger could be apprehended; nor was this the proper time for the appearance of supernatural beings; yet the very loneliness of her situation, and the speaking stillness of all

around her, insensibly overspread her mind with that vague negative sensation which is described by the native word *eeriness*. From her window nothing was visible but the cold blue sky, which was not enlivened by even the occasional transit of a cloud. By and bye the desolating wind of autumn began to break upon the moody silence of the hour. It rose in low melancholy gusts, and, whistling monotonously through every chink, spoke to the mind of this little child, of withering woods, and the lengthened excursions of hosts of leaves, hurried on from the scene of their summer pride into the dens and hollows where they were to decay. The sound gradually became more fitful and impetuous, and at last appeared to her imagination as if it were the voice of an enemy who was running round and round the house, in quest of admission—now and then going away as if disappointed and foiled, and anon returning to the attack, and breathing his rage and vexation in every aperture. She soon found her mind possessed by a numerous train of fantastic fancies and fearful associations, drawn from the store of nursery legends and ballads, which she was in the habit of hearing, night after night, at the fire-side in the hall, and which were infinitely more dreadful than the refined superstitions of modern children. She thought of the black bull of Norway, which went about the world destroying whatever of human life came within its reach; of the weary wail at the World's End, which formed the entrance into new regions, from whence no traveller ever returned; and of the fairies or good neighbours, a small green-coated race of supernatural creatures, who often came to the dwellings of mortals, and did them many good and evil turns. She had been told of persons yet alive, who, in their childhood, had been led away by these fays into the wood, and fed for weeks with wild berries and the milk of nuts, till at length, by the *po'orfu* preaching of some great country divine, they were reclaimed to their parents, being in such cases generally found sitting under a tree near their own homes. She had heard of a queen of these people—the Queen of Elfland—who occasionally took a fancy for fair young maidens, and endeavoured to wile them into her service; and the thought occurred to her, that, as the fairies could enter through the smallest aperture, the house might be full of them at this moment.

For several hours the poor child suffered under these varied apprehensions, till at last she became in some measure desperate, and resolved at least to remove to another part of the house. The parlour below stairs commanded from its window a view of the avenue by which the house was approached; and she conceived that, by planting herself in the embrasure of one of those windows, she would be at the very border of the *erie* region within doors, and as near as possible to the scene without, the familiarity of which was in itself calculated to dispel her fears. From that point, also, she would catch the first glimpse of the family returning from church, after which she would no longer be in solitude. Trying, therefore, to think of a *weary* border: June, she opened her own door, walked along the passage—making as much noise as she could—and tramped sturdily and distinctly down stairs. The room of which she intended to take possession was at the end of a long passage leading from the back to the front of the house. This she traversed slowly—not without fear of being caught from behind by some unimaginable creature of horror; an idea which, on her reaching the chamber door, so far operated upon her, that, yielding to her imaginary terrors, and yet relying for safety upon getting into the parlour, she in the same moment uttered a slight scream and burst half joyfully into the room. Both of these actions scarcely took up more than the space of a single moment, and in another instant she had the door closed and bolted behind her. But what was her astonishment, her terror, and her awe, when, on glancing round the room, she saw distinctly before her, and relieved against the light of the window, the figure of a lady, in splendid apparel, supernaturally tall, and upon whose countenance was depicted a surprise not less than her own! The girl stood fixed to the spot, her breath suspended, and her eyes wide open, surveying the glorious apparition, whose beauty and fine attire, unlike aught earthly she had ever seen, made her believe it to be an *enchanted queen*—an imaginary being, of which the idea was suggested to her by one of the nursery tales already alluded to. Fortunately, the associations connected with this personage were rather of a pathetic than an alarming character; and though she still trembled at the idea of being in the presence of a supernatural object, yet, as it was essentially beautiful and pleasing, and supposed to be rather in a condition of suffering than in the capacity of an injurer, Margaret Swinton did not experience the extremity of terror, but stood for a few seconds in innocent surprise, till at length the vision completely assured her of its gentle and pacific character, by smiling upon her, and, in a tone of the most winning sweetness, bidding her approach. She then went forward, with timid and slow steps, and, becoming convinced that her enchanted queen was neither more nor less than a real lady of this world, soon ceased to regard her with any other sentiment than that of admiration. The lady took her hand, and addressed her by name—at first asking a few unimportant questions, and concluding by telling her that she might speak to her mother of what she had seen, but by no means to say a word upon the subject to any other person, and that under pain of her mother's certain and severe displeasure. Margaret promised to obey this injunction, and was then desired by the lady to go to the window, to see if the family were yet returning from church. She did so, and found that they were not as yet in sight; when turning round to give that information to the stranger, she found the room empty, and the lady gone. Her fears then returned in full force, and she would certainly have fainted, if she had not been all at once relieved by the appearance of the family at the head of the avenue, along which the dogs—as regular church-goers as their master—ran barking towards the house, gratifying her with what she afterwards declared to have been the most welcome sounds that ever saluted her ear.

Miss Swinton, being found out of her own room, was sharply reprimanded by her mother, and taken up stairs to be again confined to the sick-chamber. But before being left there, she found an opportunity of whispering into her mother's ear that she had seen a lady in the low parlour. Lady Swinton was arrested by the words, and, immediately dismissing the servant, asked Margaret in a kindly and confidential tone, what she meant. The child repeated, that in the low parlour she had seen a beautiful lady—an enchanted queen—who had afterwards vanished, but not before having exacted from her a promise, that she would say nothing of what she had seen except to her mother. "Margaret," said Lady Swinton, "I see you have been a very good girl; and, since you are so prudent, I will let you know a little more about this enchanted queen, though her whole story cannot properly be disclosed to you at present." She then conducted Margaret back to the parlour, pushed aside a sliding panel, and entered a secret chamber, in which the child again saw the tall and beautiful woman, who was now sitting at a table with a large prayer-book open before her. Lady Swinton informed the stranger that, as Margaret had kept her secret so far, according to her desire, she now brought her to learn more of it. "My dear," said her ladyship, "this lady is unfortunate—her life is sought by certain men; and if you were to tell any of your companions that you have seen her, it might, perhaps, be the cause of bringing her to a violent death. You could not wish that the enchanted queen should suffer from so silly an error on your part." Margaret protested, with tears, that she would speak to none of what she had seen; and after some farther conversation, she and her mother retired.

Margaret Swinton never again saw this apparition; but some years afterwards, when she had grown up, and all fears respecting the unfortunate lady were at an end, she learned the particulars of her story. She was the Mrs. Macfarlane, alluded to in the motto to this paper; a person whose fatal history made a noise at the time over all Britain, and interested alike the intelligent and the ignorant, the noble and the mean.—To be concluded in next publication.

**BRITISH CAPITAL.**—The habitual gloomy anticipations of many individuals in relation to the ideal declension of Great Britain, ought entirely to be dispelled on a due consideration of the vast resources of its inhabitants. Their industry, their intelligence, and their amount of capital, or savings from their labour, are altogether unexampled in any history, and are unceasing in their operation. The political economist may occasionally have reason to grieve over some temporary depression in trade, but he should not forget the strength which the people everywhere possess, of annually accumulating several millions of new capital, and which no effort could extinguish. The intense and prevalent desire of working for, and accumulating capital, never ceases in Great Britain under any circumstances, and is the main security against all national misfortunes. The people of other countries may amuse themselves alternately with a fiddle and a musket; but the inhabitants of our impregnable island choose to engage in more laborious and profitable pursuits—and hence their incalculable opulence, and the indestructibility of their power.

**AN AMERICAN SETTLER.**—Mr. Macgregor, whose work on British America has just appeared, thus describes the condition of an American settler in New Brunswick:—"Near where the road parts off for Fredericton, an American, possessing a full share of the adventurous activity of the citizens of the United States, has established himself. He told me that when he planted himself there, seven years before, he was not worth a shilling. He has now (1829) more than three hundred acres under cultivation, an immense flock of sheep, horses, several yokes of oxen, milch cows, swine, and poultry. He has a large dwelling house, conveniently furnished, in which he lives with his family and a numerous train of labourers, one or two other houses, a forge, with a powerful trip-hammer worked by water power, fulling-mill, grist-mill, and two saw-mills—all turned by water. Near these, he showed me a building, which he said he erected for the double purpose of a school and chapel, the floor of which was laid, and on which benches were arranged so as to resemble the pit of one of our theatres. He said that all preachers who came in the way were welcome to the use of it. An English parson, a Catholic priest, a Presbyterian minister, or a Methodist preacher, should each, he said, get something to eat at his house, and have the use of the chapel, with equal satisfaction to him. He then showed me his barn; and in one place a heap, containing about ninety bushels of Indian corn, that grew on a spot scarcely an acre, which he pointed out to me. This man could do little more than read and write. His manners were quite unpolished, but not rude; yet he had wonderful readiness of address, and, as far as related to his own pursuits, quick powers of invention and application. He raised large crops, ground his own corn, manufactured the flax he cultivated and the wool of his sheep into coarse cloths; sold the provisions which his farm produced, and rum and British goods to the lumberers; kept a tavern; employed lumberers in the woods, and received axle timber in payment for whatever he sold. He made the axes and other tools required by the lumberers, at his forge; he ate, gambled, and associated with his own labourers, and with the lumberers, and all others, who made his house a kind of rallying point; he appeared, however, to be a sober man, and a person who had in view an object of gain in every thing he engaged in; he talked much in praise of the rich interior country, and how rapidly it would be settled and cultivated, if possessed by the Americans."

**TOAST OF A SCOTCH PEER.**—Lord K——, dining at Provost S——'s, and being the only peer present, one of the company gave a toast, "The Duke of Buccleugh." So the peerage went round till it came to Lord K——, who said he would give them a peer, which, although not toasted, was of more value than the whole. His Lordship gave "The Pier of



## THE UNLUCKY PRESENT: A TALE.

A Lanarkshire minister (who died within the present century) was one of those unhappy persons, who, to use the words of a well known Scottish adage, "can never see green cheese but their een reels." He was extremely covetous, and that not only of nice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart. The following story is in corroboration of this assertion:—Being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners, a poor lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish, he became fascinated by the charms of a little cast-iron pot, which happened at the time to be lying on the hearth, full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and that of her children. He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot—it was a perfect conceit of a thing—it was a gem—no pot on earth could match it in symmetry—it was an object altogether perfectly lovely. "Dear sake! minister," said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend man's commendations of her pot; "if ye like the pot sae weel as a' that, I beg ye'll let me send it to the mausie. Its a kind o'orra (superfluous) pot wi' us; for we've a bigger aye, that we use for ordinar, and that's mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye'll just tak a present o't. I'll send it ower the morn wi' Jamie, when he gangs to the schule." "Oh!" said the minister, "I can by no means permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot, I'll just carry it home with me in my hand. I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself." After much altercation between the minister and the widow on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that he should carry home the pot himself.

Off then he trudged, bearing this curious little calinary article, alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunately, the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat; so that he became heartily tired of his burthen before he got half-way home. Under these distressing circumstances, it struck him, that, if, inst ad of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened; the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him, that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot, in inverted fashion, upon his head, where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don Quixote, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was, at first, much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot; but mark the result. The unfortunate minister having taken a by-path, to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch, which intercepted him, in passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely in, or, at least into, the dark as this. The concussion given to his person in descending caused the helmet to become a hood; the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with the rim upon his neck, stuck fast there; enclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of a new born child was enclosed by the filmy bag, with which nature, as an indication of future good fortune, sometimes invests the noddles of her favourite offspring. What was worst of all, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt, on the part of its proprietor, to make it slip back again; the contracted part, or neck, of the *patena*, being of such a peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, although it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypothenuse. Was ever minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *contretemps* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister, so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes, to the plain light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help; or, if a cry could be uttered, it might reach, in deafening reverberation, the ear of the utterer, but it would not travel twelve inches farther in any direction. To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation. Every thing considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be death in the pot.

The instinctive love of life, however, is omni-prevalent; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy, far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit, or exert, under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-ensconced minister. Pressed by the urgency of his distresses, he fortunately recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eyesight, he acted only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding, over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister travelled with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess, in the direction of the place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise; the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith, and all the hangers-on of the *smithy*, when, at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know (rather by signs than by words) the circumstances of his case. In the words

—an old Scottish song,

"Out cam the godeman, and high he shouted;  
Out cam the gudewife, and low she knouted;  
And a' the town neighbours were gathered about it;  
And there was he, I trow."

The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to considerations of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards, like the horns of the Great Eoemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was, accordingly, at his own request led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of release; and, having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seising and poisoning his goodly forehead. "Will I come sair on, minister?" exclaimed the considerate man of iron, in at the brink of the pot. "As sair as ye like," was the minister's answer; "better a chap i' the chaffs than die for want of breath." Thus permitted, the man let fall a blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it enclosed, as the cook-maid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass from the gudewife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer; but, assuredly, the incident is one of which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C—.

MAHOMMEDAN BEGGARS.—One of the chief obligations of the religion of Mahomet, is that of alms-giving, which is observed more as a positive duty enjoined, than felt as an act of charity, and more out of ostentation, than as relief to suffering humanity, ostentation in the giver being sure to create impudence in the beggar, curious instances of which were observed by Burckhardt; and, among others, the following whimsical one:—"While I was at Djidda," says he, "a Yemen beggar mounted the minaret, or turret of the mosque, daily, after mid-day prayer, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard through the whole bazaar, 'I ask from God fifty dollars, a suit of clothes, and a copy of the Koran. O faithful, hear me; I ask of you fifty dollars,' &c. &c. This he repeated for several weeks, when at last, a Turkish pilgrim, struck by the singularity of the beggar's appeal, desired him to take thirty dollars, and discontinue his cries, which reflected shame upon the charity of all the devout pilgrims present. 'No,' said the beggar, 'I will not take them, because I am convinced that God will send me the whole of what I beg of him so earnestly.' After repeating his public supplication for some days more, the same pious Turk gave him the whole sum he asked for, but without being thanked. I have heard people, (he continues) exclaim in the mosques of Mekka, immediately after prayers, 'O brethren, O faithful, hear me! I ask twenty dollars from God, to pay for my passage home; twenty dollars only. You know that God is all-bountiful, and may send me a hundred dollars, but it is twenty dollars only that I ask. Remember that charity is the sure road to Paradise.' There can no doubt this impudent practice is sometimes attended with success."

## THE LAIRD OF WARISTOUN.

THE estate of Waristoun, near Edinburgh, now partly covered by the extended streets of the metropolis on its northern side, is remarkable in local history for having belonged to a gentleman, who, in the year 1600, was cruelly murdered at the instigation of his wife. This unfortunate lady, whose name was Jean Livingstone, was descended from a respectable line of ancestry, being the daughter of Livingstone, the laird of Dunipace, in Stirlingshire, and at an early age was married to John Kincaid, the laird of Waristoun, who, it is believed, was considerably more advanced in years than herself. It is probable that this disparity of age laid the foundation of much domestic strife, and led to the tragical event now to be noticed. The ill-fated marriage and its results form the subject of an old Scottish ballad, in which the proximate cause of the murder is said to have been a quarrel at the dinner table:—

It was at a dinner as they sat,  
And when they drank the wine,  
How happy were the laird and lady  
Of Bonnie Waristoun!  
But he has spoken a word in jest;  
Her answer was not good;  
And he has thrown a plate at her,  
Made her mouth gush with blood.

Whether owing to such a circumstance as is here alluded to, or a bite, which the laird is said to have inflicted upon her arm, is immaterial; the lady, who appears to have been unable to restrain her malignant passions, conceived the diabolical design of having her husband assassinated. There was something extraordinary in the deliberation with which this wretched woman approached the awful gulf of crime. Having resolved on the means to be employed in the murder she sent for a quondam servant of her father, Robert Weir, who lived in the neighbouring city. He came to the place of Waristoun, to see her; but it appears her resolution failed, and he was not admitted. She again sent for him, and he again went. Again he was not admitted. At length, on his being called a third time, he was introduced to her presence. Before this time, she had found an accomplice in the nurse of her child. It was then arranged, that Weir should be concealed in a cellar till the dead of night, when he should come forth and proceed to destroy the laird as he lay in his chamber. The bloody tragedy was acted precisely in accordance with this plan. Weir was brought up, at midnight, from the cellar to the hall by the lady herself, and afterwards went forward alone to the laird's bedroom. As he proceeded to his bloody work, she retired to her bed, to wait the intelligence of her husband's murder. When Weir

entered the chamber, Waristoun awoke with the noise, and leant inquiringly over the side of the bed. The murderer then leapt upon him; the unhappy man uttered a great cry; Weir gave him some severe blows on vital parts, particularly one at the flank vein. But as the laird was still able to cry out, he at length saw fit to take more effective measures; he seized him by the throat with both hands, and, compressing that part with all its force, succeeded, after a few minutes, in depriving him of life. When the lady heard her husband's first death-shout, she leapt out of bed, in an agony of mingled horror and repentance, and descended to the hall; but she made no effort to countermand her mission of destruction. She waited patiently till Weir came down to inform her that all was over. Weir made an immediate escape from justice; but Lady Waristoun and the nurse were apprehended before the deed was half a day old. Being caught, as the Scottish law terms it, *red-hand*—that is, while still bearing unequivocal marks of guilt, they were immediately tried by the magistrates of Edinburgh, and sentenced to be strangled and burnt at a stake. The lady's father, the laird of Dunipace, who was a favourite of King James VI., made all the interest he could with his majesty to procure a pardon; but all that could be obtained from the king, was an order that the unhappy lady should be executed by decapitation, and that at such an early hour in the morning as to make the affair as little of a spectacle as possible. The space intervening between her sentence and her execution was only thirty-seven hours; yet, in that little time, Lady Waristoun contrived to become converted from a blood-stained and unrelenting murderess into a perfect saint on earth. One of the then ministers of Edinburgh has left an account of her conversion, which was lately published, and would be extremely amusing, were it not for the loathing which seizes the mind on beholding such an instance of perverted religion. She went to the scaffold with a demure which would have graced a martyr. Her lips were incessant in the utterance of pious exclamations. She professed herself confident of everlasting happiness. She grudged every moment which she spent in this world, as much taken from that sum of eternal felicity which she was to enjoy in the next. The people who came to witness the fast scene, instead of having their minds inspired with a salutary horror for her crime, were engrossed in admiration of her saintly behaviour, and greedily gathered up every devout word which fell from her tongue. It would almost appear from the narrative of the clergyman, that her fate was rather a matter of envy than of any other feeling. Her execution took place at four in the morning of the 5th of July, at the Watergate, near Holyrood-house; and at the same hour her nurse was burnt on the Castle-hill. It is some gratification to know, that the actual murderer, Weir, was eventually seized and executed, though not till four years after.

SPORTING IN INDIA.—Shortly after my arrival at Calcutta, I was invited to a day's sporting by Major —. We started before day-break, in a style more resembling the march of a corps d'armée, or a triumphal procession in honour of the goddess of the chase, than the preparations for a day's hunting. No Scotch laird, Yorkshire squire, nor our Melton Mowbray sportsmen, can conceive any thing equal to it; our strength and numbers, our arms and appointments, our slaves and attendants, were astounding to behold. A tiger-hunt was the object in view, and a grand and memorable day we had. The major, a fine portly man, was mounted on an elephant, from the elevation of which, placed in a castle, he scoured the circumjacent country with eagle eye, preceded by sharpshooters, tirailleurs, scouts, spies, and savages, followed and surrounded by divers brother sportsmen, comrades, and domestics. We were not long before we found a tiger, which afforded considerable sport, and was killed by a brother officer's rifle. From the dingle in which we found the last ferocious animal, we proceeded on with nobler game in view—the monarch of all beasts of prey; and after some excursive riding, a magnificent lion made its appearance. The sight was most grand! but I confess that, at this moment, no small degree of fear mingled with my ambition to have to record a lion-hunt amongst the adventures of my life. The attack seemed more like actual war than anything else, so great and grand was the enemy to which we were opposed. The bold major, and a dashing young cavalry subaltern, discharged their rifles simultaneously at the lion, and each of them wounded him. Infuriated with pain, the fierce animal attacked the elephant, whilst the major seized another rifle and took deliberate aim at him; but being anxious that this shot might tell, he leaned so far forward that he overbalanced himself, and fell from his castle into the lion's arms (or rather paws). Here was an awful moment! but, wonderful to tell, the major got off with a broken arm only, a rush having been made towards the lion, whereby he was despatched, covered with wounds, and torrents of blood streaming around. Nothing could be so brave, so desperate, nor so marvellous!—*Metropolitan*.

HINDOO MARTYRDOM.—Colonel Tod, in his annals of Rajastan, thus describes a voluntary martyr:—"We have seen one of these objects, self-condemned never to lie down during forty years, and there remained but three to complete the term. He had travelled much, was intelligent and learned, but, far from having contracted the moroseness of the recluse, there was a benignity of mien, and a suavity and simplicity of manner in him, quite enchanting. He talked of his penance with no vain-glory, and of its approaching term without any sensation. The resting position of this Druid (*vana-perist*) was by means of a rope suspended from the bough of a tree, in the manner of a swing, having a cross-bar, on which he reclined. The first years of his penance, he says, dreadfully painful; swollen limbs affected him to that degree, that he expected death; but this impression had long since worn off. Even in this, is there much vanity; and it would be a nice point to determine whether the homage of man, or the approbation of the Divinity, most sustains the energies under such appalling discipline."

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

## JOHN HUNTER.

THE celebrated John Hunter, one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived, scarcely received any education whatever until he was twenty years old. He was born in the year 1728, in Lanarkshire; and being the youngest of a family of ten, and the child of his father's old age, would seem to have been brought up with the most foolish and unfortunate indulgence. When he was only ten years old his father died; and under the charge of his mother it is probable that he was left to act as he chose, with still less restraint than ever. Such was his aversion at this time to any thing like regular application, that it was with no small difficulty, we are told, he had been taught even the elements of reading and writing; while an attempt that was made to give him some knowledge of Latin (according to the plan of education then almost universally followed in regard to the sons of even the smallest landed proprietors in Scotland), was, after a short space, abandoned altogether. Thus he grew up, spending his time merely in country amusements, and for many years without even thinking, as it would appear, of any profession by which he might earn a livelihood. It was, however, found necessary at last, that something should be determined upon in regard to this point; for the family estate, such as it was, had gone to his eldest brother, and the father had made no provision for maintaining John any longer in idleness. So, destitute as he was of all literary acquirements, there was no other resource for him except some business that would give employment to his hands rather than his head; and one of his sisters having married a cabinet-maker, or carpenter, in Glasgow, it was resolved he should be bound apprentice to his brother-in-law. With this person, accordingly, he continued for some time, learning to make chairs and tables; and this probably might have been, for life, the employment of the genius that afterwards distinguished itself so greatly in one of the most important walks of philosophic discovery, but for circumstances which, at the time when they occurred, were doubtless deemed unfortunate. His master failed, and John was left without any obvious means of pursuing even the humble line of life on which he had set out. He was at this time in the twentieth year of his age. His elder brother, William, afterwards the celebrated Dr. Hunter, had very recently settled as a medical practitioner in London, but had already begun to distinguish himself as a lecturer and anatomical demonstrator. To him John determined to address himself. The rumour of the one brother's success and growing reputation had probably, even before this time, awakened something of ambition in the other, with a wish to escape from the obscure fortune to which he seemed destined. John now wrote to his brother, offering him his services as an assistant in his dissecting-room, and intimating, that if this proposal should not be accepted, he meant to enlist in the army. Fortunately for science, his letter was answered in the way he wished. On his brother's invitation he set out for the metropolis. He was now put to work in the manner in which he had requested to be employed. His brother, we are informed by Sir Everard Home, his first and best biographer, gave him an arm to dissect, so as to display the muscles, with directions how it should be done; and the performance of the pupil, even in this his commencing essay, greatly exceeded the expectations of his instructor. The doctor then put into his hands another arm, in which all the arteries were injected, and these, as well as the muscles, were to be exposed and preserved. So satisfied was Dr. Hunter with his brother's performance of this task, that he assured him he would in time become an excellent anatomist, and would not want employment. Perhaps, although we do not find it so stated by any of his biographers, he may have felt an advantage, in making these preparations, in the habits of manual dexterity acquired during his apprenticeship to his last business.

So rapid, at all events, was the progress which he made in the study of anatomy, that he had not been a year in London when he was considered by his brother as qualified to teach others, and was attended accordingly by a class of his own. His talents, and the patronage of his brother together, brought him now every day more and more into notice. It does not belong to our purpose to trace the progress of his success after this point. We may merely remark, that long before his death he had placed himself, by universal acknowledgment, at the head of living anatomists; and was regarded, indeed, as having done more for surgery and physiology than any other investigator of these branches of science that had ever existed.

The important discoveries, and peculiar and most original views, by which John Hunter succeeded in throwing so much new light upon the subject of the functions of animal life, were derived, as is well known, principally from the extraordinary zeal, patience, and ingenuity, with which he pursued the study of comparative anatomy, or the examination of the structure of the inferior animals as compared with that of man. To this study he devoted his time, his labour, and, it may be said, his fortune; for nearly every shilling that he could save from his professional gains was expended in collecting those foreign animals, and other rare specimens, by means of which he prosecuted his inquiries. When his income was yet far from being a large one, he purchased a piece of ground at Earl's Court, in the village of Brompton, and built a house on it to serve as a place of deposit for his collections. The space around it was laid out as a zoological garden for such of his strange animals as he kept alive. When most extensively engaged in practice, he used to spend every morning, from sunrise till eight o'clock, in his museum. Yet, in addition to his private practice, and a very long course of lectures, which he delivered every winter, he was for many years to perform the laborious duties of surgeon at St. George's Hospital, and deputy-surgeon-general to the army—superintending, at this time also, a school of practical

anatomy at his own house. Still he found leisure, in the midst of all these avocations, not only for his experiments upon the animal economy, but for the composition of various works of importance, and for taking an active part both in the deliberations of the Royal Society, of which he had been early elected a Fellow, and in other schemes for the promotion and diffusion of natural knowledge. He was the originator, in particular, of the *Lycæum Medicum Londinense*—a medical society comprising many eminent individuals, which met at his lecture rooms, and rose to great reputation. That he might have time for these multiplied objects of attention, he used to allow himself only to sleep four hours at night, and an hour after dinner.

In order to procure subjects for his researches in comparative anatomy, his practice was to apply to the keeper of the wild beasts in the Tower, and the proprietors of the other menageries in town, for the bodies of such of their animals as died, in consideration of which he used to give them other rare animals to exhibit, on condition of also receiving their remains at their death. His friends and former pupils, too, were wont to send him, from every part of the world, subjects for his favourite investigations. "In this retreat (at Brompton) he had collected," says Sir Everard Home, "many kinds of animals and birds; and it was to him a favourite amusement in his walks to attend to their actions and their habits, and to make them familiar with him. The fiercer animals were those to which he was most partial, and he had several of the bull kind from different parts of the world. Among these was a beautiful small bull he had received from the Queen, with which he used to wrestle in play, and entertain himself with its exertions in its own defence. In one of these conflicts the bull overpowered him and got him down; and had not one of the servants accidentally come by, and frightened the animal away, this frolic would probably have cost him his life." On another occasion, "two leopards," says the same biographer, "that were kept chained in an out-house, had broken from their confinement, and got into the yard among some dogs, which they immediately attacked. The howling this produced alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Mr. Hunter ran into the yard to see what was the matter, and found one of them getting up the wall to make his escape, the other surrounded by the dogs. He immediately laid hold of them both, and carried them back to their den; but as soon as they were secured, and he had time to reflect upon the risk of his own situation, he was so much affected that he was in danger of fainting."

Mr. Hunter died in the sixty-sixth year of his age, in 1793. After his death, his museum was purchased by Parliament for the sum of fifteen thousand pounds; and it is now deposited in the hall belonging to the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is understood to contain about twenty thousand anatomical preparations, which are arranged so as (in the language of Sir Everard Home) "to expose to view the gradations of nature, from the most simple state in which life is found to exist, up to the most perfect and most complex of the animal creation,—man himself." The extreme beauty of these preparations is striking even to an unlearned eye; and their scientific value is such as to render the collection one of the most precious of its kind in the world. It is certainly one of the most splendid monuments of labour, skill, and munificence, ever raised by an individual.

It is important to remark, that, with all his powers, this wonderful man never entirely overcame the disadvantages entailed upon him by the neglect in which he had been allowed to spend his early years. He used to dwell, we are told, on the advantage which is gained in regard to clearness of conception by the committing of one's ideas to writing—comparing the process to the taking of stock by a tradesman, without which he cannot know with certainty either what he has or what he wants. Yet he himself continued to the end of his life an awkward, though by no means an unpractised writer. After coming to London, he entered himself of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, probably with the view of being able to maintain at least some pretension to scholarship, but it does not appear that he carried his assumption of the academical character much farther. He attained little acquaintance with the literature even of his own profession; and it not unfrequently happened indeed, we are told, that upon communicating a supposed discovery of his own to some one of his more erudite friends, he had to suffer the disappointment of learning that the same thing had been already found out by some other well known anatomist. But he felt his literary deficiencies chiefly as a lecturer. The capacity in which his more regularly educated brother so greatly excelled. It is asserted by Dr. Adams, who has written a life of John Hunter, that he always used to swallow thirty drops of laudanum before going to lecture. If these were heavy penalties, however, which he had to pay for what was not so much his fault as that of others, the eminence to which he attained in spite of them is only the more demonstrative of his extraordinary natural powers, and his determined perseverance.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

## ROADS IN SCOTLAND.

MR. BUCHANAN, civil engineer, has just published a very clear and ably written account of the railways of the West of Scotland, in connection with four views, by Mr. D. O. Hill, of the Opening of the Garnkirk Railway. From this work

we derive the following notice of former modes of communication in Scotland:—

"In Scotland, the progress of improvement, though rather late in beginning, has advanced with extraordinary rapidity, and is now keeping pace with her richer neighbour. It is scarcely a century since there was nothing deserving the name of a road in any of our great thoroughfares; the whole inland trade of the kingdom was carried on by means of packhorses; and persons are still alive who remember perfectly the carriers between Edinburgh and Glasgow, going regularly with five or six horses in a train; and so narrow was the track, that the leading one had a bell at his head, to give warning of their approach to the party travelling in the opposite direction, that the one might have time to get out of the way while the other was passing. In this manner they jogged along, over all the inequalities of the country through which the road passed, and fording the different rivers and streams, on which bridges were yet unknown. Carts were then only used in the metropolis or principal towns, and coaches or carriages rarely in the country, travelling being almost universally performed on horseback. In many parts, particularly in low and wet grounds, the roads or tracks were often impassable. The late Lord Hermand used to relate, that when he was first sent to Edinburgh College from Ayrshire, about 1760, the road was in such a state that, in some places, servants were dispatched beforehand with poles to sound the depth of the mosses and bogs which lay in their way. [Mr. Buchanan might have added that, when John Earl of Loudoun was sent to Edinburgh, a boy, about 1730, travelled with his baggage, in a pair of panniers across a pony's back; himself in the one pannier, and his baggage in the other!] Wretched as internal communications seem to have been, they fully kept pace with the progress of trade and intercourse throughout the country. The mail was dispatched regularly between Edinburgh and London on horseback, and went in the course of five or six days, but so little communication was there between the two capitals, that, as I have heard related on unquestionable authority, during the time of the rebellion of 1745, when an order came down from London to open all the letters in the Post Office, with the view of detecting treasonable correspondence, there were not, altogether, above twenty in the London bag—such was the low state of trade and business, the true cause of the backward state of the roads, and of all the other accommodations which distinguish a rich and improving country. [It is perhaps worth mentioning also, that at the commencement of the civil war, an interchange of diplomatic correspondence between Edinburgh and London never occupied less than a month, although it must be admitted that the news of the death of Queen Elizabeth, which was brought from London to Edinburgh between a Thursday morning and Saturday night, by Sir Robert Carey, on horseback, was a wonderful instance of what could sometimes be done even in those times. In the decade of 1750-60, a coach travelled from Edinburgh to London, occupying a fortnight except one day—that is, from Monday morning to the Saturday at the end of the succeeding week—the intervening Sunday being spent tranquilly at Boroughbridge in Yorkshire, where, we suppose, the travellers went decently to church along with their landlord. In those days the Post Office was kept in a flat in the Parliament Square, and, according to the recollection of the late Henry Johnston Wylie, Esq. who died two years ago, there was but one letter-carrier.] About the year 1770, roads were so much amended, that carts had come into general use, particularly on farms, and in driving grain to market. With these one horse might draw five or six hundredweight, while the packhorse could only carry three. In the year 1790, the construction and management of the roads began to excite great public attention, and improved lines were formed in all parts of the country, and constructed of better materials; so that, on the whole, the load of a single carthorse was increased to eight or ten hundredweight, and travelling in carriages became very common. Since that period improvements have advanced with accelerated rapidity, and such have been the effects of those on the powers of draught, that there is now no public road in the kingdom in which a single cart horse does not with ease draw sixteen hundred weight, and on many of them a good horse will draw twenty-five hundredweight. Such has also been the effect of the velocity of motion, that the London mail now performs her journey in 43½ hours, while the first coaches which ran on the same road took 15 or 16 days. The original Edinburgh and Glasgow coach, which was commenced about 1765, took twelve hours to perform the journey, and a swifter vehicle afterwards introduced, the Fly as it was termed, still consumed nearly the whole day on the road. The coaches now complete the journey in five hours; there are daily eighteen or twenty running betwixt the towns, and the same increased facilities of travelling are established in every other direction throughout the kingdom."



## EMIGRATION.—NEW YORK.

Mr. Farnsworth's "Notes made during a Visit to the United States and Canada, in 1831," published in the *Agricultural Journal* for March last, are of a more light and amusing nature than his previous article on Emigration, yet abound in details worthy of being known by those who design to proceed to America either as travellers or settlers. He thus describes his landing in the United States—

"The scenery of the American coast is rather tame; but the Bay of New York, after passing the forts, is magnificent, and the approach to the city very fine. We got ashore about three o'clock, and were conveyed, in a particular clean and neat hackney-coach, to the Mansion-house Hotel in Broadway, kept by Mr. Bunker. I was struck with the superior character of the hackney-horses to those of our cities, and I may add also of those in cars and waggons. They were all in excellent plight, and the latter, if not equal in size to those in English drays, infinitely surpassed them in action. The hackney-coach fares in New York are high, and are, moreover, annoying to strangers, from the practice of paying for each passenger, when exceeding one, and also for luggage. New York is well provided with hotels of every degree. Our accommodation at Bunker's was excellent. The house is extensive, though not so much so as the City Hotel, where two hundred beds are made up; and the style of living appears to me sufficiently convenient and agreeable. Besides occasional guests, you meet with a certain number of permanent boarders, sometimes whole families remaining for weeks together, with whom strangers enjoy the utmost facility of forming an acquaintance; and, as it frequently happens that some of the inmates are members of Congress or of the State Legislatures, and that most of them are men of superior information, an opportunity is afforded of acquiring knowledge regarding the institutions and habits of the people, highly to be prized.

The Americans appeared to me perfectly accessible, and quite ready to give counsel or assistance to all who were disposed frankly and cordially to accost them. Before I was two days in the hotel, I could reckon several very kind friends, acquired entirely in the ordinary intercourse of the day, without any formal introduction, and was not only furnished with routes for my future guidance, but received kind and pressing invitations to visit various individuals in the course of my tour.

The public rooms in the hotels consist of one or more well-furnished drawing-rooms, where you receive visitors, assemble before meals, or spend the evening with music, &c. Single gentlemen, unacquainted or unconnected with any lady of the party, appear to me hardly expected to join the drawing-room circle, although there is no exclusion, nor any difficulty when one is so inclined, in finding admission. The dining-room, is, of course, large, commonly two apartments thrown into one, and capable of being enlarged or contracted at pleasure. In Bunker's, I admired an ingenious communication with the kitchen, by means of a stair concealed under a large sideboard, from one end of which the good-humoured chimp of a black waiter was ever and anon emerging with some savoury dish. The bar-room and open gallery or verandah are the only scenes of smoking to be met with in respectable hotels. A book is kept in the bar, where arrivals and departures are regularly recorded, and which frequently enables friends to trace each other with much convenience.

The hotels are well fitted up, the bed-rooms not very large, but clean and comfortable, and, in Bunker's, we found excellent warm-baths. Our board was 2 dollars, or 9s. per day, for which we had breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, with a bed-room. Our fare was quite excellent. Fish and fowl, rump steaks, sausages, omelets, &c. &c. are kept in constant requisition, and ample justice is done to them, with a dispatch somewhat startling to a stranger. At this time *shad* reigned supreme at our breakfast, as *striped bass* did at our dinner table, both uncommonly delicate varieties of fish.

To those who have formed an estimate of American hotels from certain modern tourists, I am aware that my report may wear the aspect of partiality; yet I feel a pleasure, while I consider it a duty, with perfect indifference and candour, to state the impression made upon myself, and the results of my own experience and observation.

In treating of America, the man who would do her justice must have in constant remembrance the extraordinary advances and improvements which even a year or two in this country produce. In the hotel where I now lived, an English gentleman informed me, that, only a few years ago, not more than two or three single bed-rooms could be found, whereas it is now entirely different, and the change, in ordinary road taverns, is alike remarkable. We have been accustomed to hear a great deal of the saucy or sulky demeanour of the attendants: not a solitary instance of the kind occurred in my experience, and I found all my personal wants quite as regularly attended to as I could possibly desire, both in New York and elsewhere; with this essential improvement, that you are relieved of those vexatious extortions which assail you, as "riders to the bill," in every British hotel. The attendants, except in the slave states, are almost always free persons of colour; and I believe the repugnance felt to the designation of *servant*, arises from some latent ill-defined dread of being mistaken for slaves.

That matters are conducted very differently from what we are accustomed to meet with in our own admirable houses of entertainment, I readily admit; but I cannot, upon the

whole, allow that the absence of snug parlours or mahogany boxes is attended with those very fatal effects to comfort and good living, which some smart writers would have us to believe. Our grievance perpetually served up is, the shocking inconvenience of travellers being obliged to conform to the regular hours of a public table,—a truth which amounts precisely to nothing, these hours being invariably calculated to suit the motions of public conveyances, by which travelling, I may say, is exclusively accomplished in America, and because there is so difficult in procuring private rooms or extra meals, when circumstances oblige you to call for them.

Another very pretty topic of abuse is the wholesale oblation system carried on in the tavern-rooms, with the accompaniments of a comb and hair brush, suspended *pro bono publico*. The climate, in summer, renders washing at every stage extremely comfortable, during the few minutes employed in changing horses, and a basin and towel are placed at hand for the purpose. It is only in very humble quarters, indeed, that you cannot command these comforts in your own bed-room, where you stop for the night; and although certainly the above articles could not present themselves unless they were in use, I scarce recollect observing a single traveller without his pocket-comb.

New York has been so often and so well described, that it is unnecessary to speak in detail of its public buildings and institutions. It is a fine commercial city, with a population of nearly 200,000, carrying on an immense traffic with the whole world. The celebrated Broadway somewhat disappointed me. Its length is certainly very great, and handsome public buildings, private mansions, hotels, and well-furnished shops or stores, are curiously intermixed; while its whole length and breadth are alive with carriages and waggons, equestrians and pedestrians of every rank and of almost every hue. Still it did not equal the expectations which I had been led to form.

I could say much, were it proper, of the hospitality of New York, and of the unostentatious kindness with which my letters of introduction were received. The style of living is elegant and comfortable; and the domestic circles which I had the pleasure of joining seemed truly unaffected and happy. The quiet, modest, and amiable tone of female society particularly pleased me.

**CRIME AND POPULATION.**—In a Report of the Society for Improving Prison Discipline, it is mentioned, that the amount of crime in proportion to population is as follows:—England 1 criminal in 740 of the people; in Wales, 1 in 2320; in Ireland, 1 in 490; in Scotland, 1 in 1130; in Denmark, 1 in 1700; in Sweden, 1 in 1500; in the United States of America, 1 in 3500; and in New South Wales, 1 in 22. Gratifying as it may be to perceive that there is much less crime in Scotland than in any other part of the United Kingdom, it is melancholy to reflect, that every year it is steadily increasing, and, if not checked, will ere long arrive at the same proportion as in England.

## MANUFACTURES IN METAL.

ALTHOUGH the globe on which we live presents but few traces of metallic veins on its surface, and at the period of its creation probably presented even fewer than it does at present, it is, nevertheless, an undoubted fact, that so soon and progressively, as what may be called the arts of life took place of the primitive rudeness of nature, mankind appear to have discovered and turned to account the various metals within their reach. Nor should the observation, however trite, be discarded, that it is a striking illustration of the providence of the Creator, that those metals which are the most useful are likewise the most abundant, though it must at the same time be remarked they are the most difficult of access.

Mineralogists have started the puzzling question—Whether all the mineral treasures which have been extracted from, and those at present existing in, the bowels of the earth, were formed like the materials amidst which they mostly lie, at the creation, or whether they may not, at least in many cases, have been the production of subsequent periods, either resulting from some of those singular phenomena, which are obviously attributable to a deluge, or from chemical changes perpetually going on according to fixed laws throughout all the regions of nature with which we are acquainted?

With respect to the existence of gold as a primary element of our globe, we appear to have the affirmative testimony of Moses in the second chapter of Genesis, where, mentioning the situation of Eden, he likewise describes the four heads of the rivers by which the garden was watered, and says—"The name of the first was Pison; that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold, and the gold of that land is good." This is certainly the earliest instance on record in which mention is made of the existence of any metal.

The presence of gold, silver, lead, and probably copper, rust, in the earliest times, have become, in various ways, so obvious to allow the art of smelting the ores to have remained long undiscovered. The detection of virgin pieces, or the accidental effect of fires upon the more fusible ores, are circumstances which account at once for the early notions and strange fictions which existed among the ancients on this subject; especially the natural and poetical idea of the conflagration of forests by the rubbing of trees against one another during a high wind, and the consequent fluxion of some of the metal from ores lying exposed on or near the surface.—*Lardner*.

**DUMFRIES CHURCHYARD.**—The intelligent inhabitants of Dumfries possess the distinction, which is, perhaps, not very generally known, of paying much greater attention to the

condition and appearance of their places of sepulture than any other people in Scotland. St. Michael's churchyard, in which repose the ashes of Burns, is the chief thing of the place, and abounds in monumental erections of great beauty, executed at a cost quite unknown in most other towns. The ingenious Mr. Diarmid, who is unremitting in his statistical inquiries, mentions in one of his publications, that "of the first class of monuments, there are one hundred and nine, many of them designed and executed in Edinburgh, at an expense of upwards of six hundred guineas. The Dumfriesshire prices being moderate, and taking 40s. as the average of the whole, we have (says he) a total of 4360l. Of tombstones on pillars, and in good repair, there are exactly 712. The rates at which these are executed at home vary exceedingly, from the great diversity of size, form, ornament, &c. While some are erected for 5l. there are many that cost more than double that sum; and my informant assures me that there would be nothing approaching to extravagant calculation, in assigning 8l. as the medium. But, in addition to the modern and perfect table-stones, there are about one thousand which are more or less dilapidated; and if we apply the same rule to these, the total amounts to 13,600l. Of head-stones in tolerable preservation, the number is 216—the cost about 600l. Of portions of burying-ground, inclosed and uninclosed, with stone and railing, the number is 118; and though they vary greatly as to form and dimensions, we can hardly, I think, err in reckoning the whole at 1500l. and when these sums are put together, they exhibit a grand total of upwards of twenty thousand pounds sterling; independently of the expense of Burns' mausoleum."

**PROGRESS OF BRITISH COMMERCE.**—It was under the administration of Lord Chatham, in the very midst of a seven years' war, says Dupin, that we behold the commencement of all those great interior works useful to commerce, which are now the admiration of every foreigner. Up to 1766, England had not a single line of artificial navigation; and she possessed, for communication by land, only a small number of roads injudiciously cut and ill kept up. Of a sudden, an individual conceives the idea to profit by the general impulse which industry has received, by cutting a canal, to carry to Manchester the produce of his mines. Shortly afterwards, a town which thrives, and of which the exuberant wealth seeks everywhere productive outlets—Liverpool—aspires to still higher designs. She is the first to form and to realize the project of opening a navigable channel between the Irish sea and the German ocean. Other channels were more extended are established by degrees in both ends of the island; and thus, within the short space of half a century, a line of canals is formed, both for great and for small navigation, for the purpose of uniting opposite seas—basins separated by numberless chains of hills—opulent ports—industrious towns—fertile plains—and inexhaustible mines. The total length of canals in Great Britain, excluding those under five miles in length, was, in 1828, 2589 miles. The system of turnpike roads embraced an extent of 24,531 miles in the same year, of which the annual revenue was 1,214,710l. Moles, piers, lighthouses, have been newly established, and the security of access and shelter of every anchorage upon the whole line of coast greatly increased. Such has been the progress of British commerce—a progress which the disastrous war with our American colonies slackened, but could not interrupt—a progress which received new life by the loss of these very colonies—a progress which above all was advanced with gigantic strides during the tremendous struggle, whether right or wrong, maintained so long with the republic and the empire of France!—*Bell's Popular and Scientific Geography*.

**SERMACEE WHALE.**—This animal is commonly from fifty to sixty feet long, although individuals eighty feet in length may be seen. The body has the form of an immense cylinder, of which the head, separated by a slight depression from the back, constitutes a large portion, and is terminated anteriorly by a square mass. The spout-hole is at the anterior extremity of the head, in the middle of a round prominence formed of thick fibres, which serve to close it. The body gradually diminishes towards the tail, which expands into an immense fin, composed of two lobes, deeply notched in the middle, and fourteen feet in its transverse diameter. The pectoral fins are small, of an oblong form, and placed near the commensure of the mouth. The back, which is round and smooth, is surmounted by a false fin, or rather a bump formed entirely of cellular tissue, in a thick fold of the skin. Sometimes there are two or three of these prominences. The eyes are very small, black, and, what is singular, the right eye is much larger than the left. The general colour is bluish black, deeper on the back, and lighter on the sides and belly. Sometimes the under part of the body is whitish. The epidermis is so thick and insensible, that it is commonly covered with large shells, like a rock. It is commonly swims very slowly, and shews at the surface only the great arch of its back, and the fleshy eminence which surrounds the spout-hole. It often remains at rest for some seconds, and then sinks slowly into the sea. At certain seasons, however, it becomes more active, raising its shapeless head far out of the water, and plunging perpendicularly, so as to display the huge lobes of its tail. This animal is supposed to be found in the seas of all parts of the world. Davis' Straits, the temperate seas of Europe, the coasts of Patagonia, those of Madagascar, the west coast of New Holland, the Moluccas, Caroline and Marian Islands, the Galapagos, New Zealand, and the Japanese Archipelagoes, are the places most frequented by them. It appears to live principally upon cuttlefish, and other molluscous animals, fishes, and, as is said, sharks. Two valuable substances are extracted from this whale, spermaceti, and ambergris. It also affords oil, but in less quantity than the Greenland whale. The Greenlanders make coats of its intestines, and ropes of its tendons. The teeth are employed for numerous domestic uses, and are held in the highest estimation by the natives of many of the South Sea Islands.



## Column for Anglers.

Embow'd upon the pleasant banks of Thames,  
Or by the silver stream of Isis, Cam,  
Or yellow Avon, roaming, the angler  
Joyous pursues from morn till eve his sport.

Angler returns the fresh and cheering month of April, "full of lusty  
and wanton as a kid," with its capricious smiles and showers,  
its sunny and dull weather, its green fields, its buds and blossoms,  
and promise of approaching happy summer. With the reviving  
movements of nature, the crowded streets begin to hang heavy on  
the "man about town," and the light-hearted juvenile pants to be  
on the margin of some sparkling and moody stream, trolling for a  
dainty prey, or gently touching the surface of the rippling waters  
with his fly. For the last six weeks he has been looking forward to  
some time about the middle of April, when, on a bright fresh morning,  
he would find himself on the top of one of the outward bound  
members of the metropolis, the close thoroughfares gliding rapidly  
behind him, the prospect of fields and hedge-rows opening in the  
distance, and the piscatorial delights of the morrow brightening up  
in his fancy. Kind reader, need you ask where these fishing streams  
are to be found? Are there not hundreds in broad Scotland, from  
the valleys of Tweed and Yarrow, to those of the Dee and the Ythan?  
How many more abundant in trout and minor fish, while few are with-  
out the most delicious salmon. Dumfriesshire, too, has its excellent  
streams; Ayrshire has a number pouring their waters into the West-  
ern Sea; Lanarkshire has its Clyde and a variety of lovely tributaries;  
and Perthshire abounds in delightful streams of first, second,  
and third rate size, all valuable in the eyes of the bait and fly-fisher.  
For the last six weeks, I say, the angler has been busily conning  
over all these things in his mind; overhauling his well-stuffed  
racket fly-book, examining his lines, dusting and renovating his  
rod, and carefully trying up the suspicious-looking cracks in his  
angling rod. Old Isaac Walton, and Charles Cotton's "Complete  
Angler," has long since learned by heart, for he makes it one of  
his companion books on the chimney-piece in winter—he has per-  
used all the tracts on the subject, including that of Bainbridge—and  
he is not so much mistaken, has lately lounged with a degree of de-  
light over "Salmonia, or days of fly-fishing." But your real an-  
gler needs no instruction; he is wise by intuition; and he forms  
a theory of fishing entirely his own, which he would not give for all  
the theories which ever were written. To the old angler, therefore,  
who is already "up" to every thing about his craft, I do not say  
one word; but taking the young impatient fisher—the candidate for  
piscatorial honours—under my auspices, I would beg to give him  
a few friendly directions as to the best means of carrying on his  
operations.

The chief care of the angler should be to procure a good rod, lines  
and floats. The rod should consist of five or six pieces,  
joined so nicely that the whole, when joined, may appear to be one  
piece. Those living near streams use spliced rods, which are much  
better than those with ferules and screws, as they bend throughout,  
and are not so liable to break; but anglers who have to travel can  
do with convenience, carry rods which are tied instead of  
screwed. A trouting rod is usually made from twelve to sixteen  
feet in length, though some prefer them of greater extent, as giv-  
ing more command over wide streams and pools. Good fishers,  
who are not afraid of catching cold, prefer to wade and fish from  
the centre of streams rather than the bank, by this means command-  
ing the eddy currents and ripples on both banks. In all the great  
angling matches on the Tweed, the competitors plunge into the  
stream, as being their only method of securing a basketful of  
trout. The rod ought to be perfectly elastic, and finely tapering to  
a point made of whalebone, or the most delicate hickory.

The lines of the angler may be bought from the tackle makers;  
these hair is preferred; it should be round, twisted even, and of  
equal thickness; the best colours are white and grey for clear wa-  
ters. Chestnut or brown coloured hairs are best for ground angling,  
especially in muddy water; black is occasionally used in streams  
of a dark mossy hue. The line reel, or *purse*, should hold about 50  
or 60 yards, so as to admit abundance of line being given out when  
required.

In the spring months most river fish will catch at worm or other  
bait which requires no very particular art in managing; the bait  
being suffered to sink towards the bottom of the water, where it is  
trifled for a short space before taken out. In fly-fishing, however,  
will be found the principal sport, and of the various fish, trout will  
afford the most agreeable prey. For nine months in the year,  
under favourable circumstances, fly-fishing may be practised with  
success. Westerly and southerly winds are the most favourable,  
especially in spring; but during warm and cloudy summer weather,  
the point from which the wind blows is of little consequence. Who-  
ever desires to become a successful practitioner in the art, must  
study in all weathers, and under every variety of circumstances,  
however unpropitious the prospect may be. Trout are generally  
supposed to rise more freely during a dark and lowering day,  
following a clear bright night, as brilliant moonshine detains them  
in their lurking places. On the other hand, after a gloomy or  
dusky night, they are less easily tempted, having glutted them-  
selves with moths or other nocturnal insects, which, during the  
summer months, are abundant in the waters. In throwing the line,  
the angler should endeavour to make his gear fall as lightly as  
possible on the surface, and his flies should drop opposite or some-  
what above his own position, and then be played gently and  
slowly downwards and across the stream. When a trout is seen to  
rise at a natural fly or other insect, the artificial one should be  
thrown him by being thrown, not directly over him, but about a  
foot higher up the stream; and if he is inclined to rise again, he  
will probably meet it half way. When a fish, on being hooked,  
descends beneath the surface, and struggles in the depths below,  
it is a pretty sure sign that he is well secured; but when he  
flounders on the surface, or leaps occasionally into the air, more  
vigilance is necessary, as in that case the hook will frequently be found  
to be only skin-deep. In playing and landing a large trout, the  
greatest precautions are necessary as in salmon fishing, although in  
general to swollen fish, if the angler be standing in the centre of a  
stream, and finds it inconvenient to wade frequently ashore, a few  
additional turns will exhaust the captive, which may be drawn  
easily and steadily to the hand, and secured by a firm grasp be-  
hind the gills.

A recent writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* states it as his  
opinion that fly-fishing, by far the most elegant and interesting  
mode of the art, ought not to be regarded exclusively as an art  
of simulation. "It no doubt," he says, "depends on deception, but  
the great object of the fly-fisher is, to dissimulate in such a manner  
as to prevent his expected prey from detecting the artificial nature  
of his line, without troubling himself by a vain effort to simulate or  
mimic, with his fly, the appearance of any individual or specific  
kind of insect life. There is, in truth, little or no connection be-  
tween the art of angling and the science of entomology; and, there-  
fore, the success of the angler—in by far the greater proportion of

cases, does not depend on the resemblance which subsists be-  
tween his artificial fly and the natural insect. This statement is, no  
doubt, greatly at variance, as well with the principles as the prac-  
tice of all who have deemed fishing worthy of consideration; but  
we are not less decidedly of opinion, that in nine cases out of ten  
a fish seizes upon an artificial fly as upon an insect or moving crea-  
ture, and not on account of its exact and successful resemblance  
to any accustomed and familiar object. The same observations ap-  
ply, with almost equally few exceptions, to bait fishing. The min-  
now is fastened upon swivels, which cause it to revolve upon its  
axis with such rapidity, that it loses every vestige of its original  
appearance; and in angling with the par tail—one of the most kill-  
ing lines for large trout—the bait consists of the nether half of a  
small fish, mangled and mis-shapen, and in every point of view dis-  
torted of its natural form. We are, therefore, of opinion, that all,  
or a great proportion of what has been so often and sometimes so  
well said about the great variety of fish necessary to an angler—  
about the necessity of changing his tackle according to each par-  
ticular month throughout the season—about one fly being adapted  
solely to the morning, another to noonday, and a third to the even-  
ing—and about every river having its own particular flies, &c.,  
is, if not erroneous, at least exaggerated and misconceived. That de-  
terminate relations exist between flies of a certain colour and par-  
ticular conditions of a river, is, we doubt not, true; but these are  
rather connected with angling as an artificial science, and have  
little to do with any analogous relations in nature. The great ob-  
ject, by whatever means it is to be accomplished, is to render the  
fly deceptive; and this, in fact, we believe to be more frequently  
effected when fishing with flies which differ in colour and general  
appearance from those which are upon the water. When a par-  
ticular fly prevails upon a river, an artificial one in imitation of it  
will never resemble it so closely as to appear the same to those be-  
low (i. e. the fish); on the contrary, a certain degree of resem-  
blance, without any thing like an exact similitude will, only ren-  
der the fishy tribe the more cautious through suspicion; while a  
different shape and colour, by exciting no minute or invidious  
comparisons, would probably have been swallowed without examina-  
tion. How often has it been ascertained, with all the gravity of  
sententious wisdom, that the true mode of proceeding in fly-fishing  
is to bask your hook by the river side, after dressing the shrubs to  
see what colour of insect prevails. A very expert angler, who per-  
haps carried the opposite theory rather too far (although he always  
filled his panner), was in the habit of stirring the briars and willows  
to ascertain what manner of fly was not there, and with that he  
tempted the fishes."

It would be difficult to describe to the inexperienced the variety  
and character of the artificial fly which he ought to use. A good  
authority in this matter recommends, for April, a stone-fly, the  
body made of dark wool dyed yellow, under the wings and tail.  
For the beginning of May, a ruddy fly, made of red wool, and bound  
about with black silk, with the feathers of a black cock hanging  
dangling on his sides next his tail. The hazel-fly is a killing fly  
in May and June; the body is composed of ostrich hair of two  
colours, black and purple twisted together: the wings of the sandy-  
coloured feathers from under the wings of a thrush, or the reddish  
plumes of a partridge's tail; a bluish hackle, twisted and pretty  
full, serves both for the underwings and legs. For June, a greenish  
fly may also be used; the body is made of black wool, with a  
yellow list on either side; the wings taken off the wing of a buz-  
zard, bound with black broken hemp. The Moorish fly, the body  
made of dusty wool, and the wings of the blackish wall of a drake.  
The twany fly, which is in great repute till the middle of June; the  
body made of twany wool, the wings contrary, one against another,  
composed of the whitish wall of a white drake. For July, the wasp  
fly; the body made of black wool, cast about with yellow silk, and  
the wings of a drake's feathers. The steel fly, approved in the mid-  
dle of July; the body made with greenish wool, cast about with  
the feathers of a peacock's tail, and the wings made with cock's  
hackle. When rivers are very low and clear, from a long conti-  
nuance of summer drought, it has been recommended to use a pair  
of wings made from the feather of a landrail, or the mottled feather  
of a teal, with a well cleaned gutter fixed upon the hook. During a  
similar condition of the water, even when no wind is stirring, and  
the sun shining in its greatest lustre, trout may be taken with a  
small wren's tail, grouse, smoky dun, or black hackles, the angler  
fishing straight down the water, by the sides of streams and banks,  
and keeping well out of sight, with as long a line as can be neatly  
managed. At these times the fish may be seen with their dorsal fins  
above water, and with skillful management may be made to snap  
at the above named flies. When one is hooked, the rest dart off  
but if the angler keeps concealed they will return again in a very  
short time; and thus several fish may be taken even in summer  
from the clearest pools. In fishing a river with which the angler  
has no previous acquaintance, the most approved practice is to try  
the eddies which are frequent at the corners of the streams, and  
where the circular movement of the current throws out a frequent  
sustenance for the finny race. There the larger trout often lie;  
and it must consist with the experience of every angler, that an ex-  
cellent capture is sometimes made repeatedly from some small spot  
behind or beside a particular stone, where from day to day one well  
sized fish seems to succeed another in the favourite feeding ground.  
In this knowledge of peculiar localities, consists the chief advantage  
of a previous acquaintance with the water. The smaller fish are  
found in most abundance in the widely spread and shallow streams,  
as well as in the extended parts of pools of no great depth. The  
tributary streams of main rivers have also in general the smallest  
fish, and such are much easier caught than the trout of the larger  
waters. Out of the tributaries of the Tweed—the Manor for in-  
stance—I remember, while a boy, of sometimes taking not less  
than two dozens of small trout in a day, which was reckoned a  
small number, and indeed this species of small-stream fishing seems  
most adapted to, and is best conducted by youth, the older fishers,  
in most instances, despising this "trifling" sport.

The philosophy of angling, or its power of producing salutary me-  
ditation in the perhaps wearied mind, has been a theme for many  
ages, and not without good reason. There are certainly "pleasures  
in fishing which none but fishers know," and which could hardly  
be appreciated were they to be specified to the uninitiated. Let me  
conclude my COLUMN FOR ANGLERS in the simple madrigal of old  
Isaac, the father of the craft:

As inward love breeds outward talk,  
The hound some praise, and some the hawk;  
Some, better pleased with private sport,  
Use Tennis, some a mistress court:  
But these delights I neither wish  
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

FOOT MARKS OF MAN AND LOWER ANIMALS.—Voltaire, in  
Zadig, has attributed to his hero a sagacity in tracing foot-  
steps, which, no doubt, has often been considered an idle in-  
vention. Such a power, however, appears to be possessed  
by the Arabs to a degree which deprives even Zadig of the  
marvellous. The Arab, says Burckhardt, "who has applied

himself diligently to the study of footsteps, can generally  
ascertain, from inspecting the impression, to what individual  
of his own, or some neighbouring tribe, the footstep belongs,  
and therefore is able to judge whether it was a stranger who  
passed or a friend. He likewise knows, from the slightness or  
depth of the impression, whether the man who made it car-  
ried a load or not. From a certain regularity of intervals  
between the steps, a Bedouin can judge whether that man,  
whose feet left the impression, was fatigued or not, as, after  
a long march, the pace becomes more irregular and the intervals  
unequal: hence he can calculate the chance of overtaking  
the man. Besides all this, every Arab knows the printed  
footsteps of his own camels, and of those belonging to his  
immediate neighbours. He knows by the depth or slightness  
of the impression whether a camel was pasturing, and there-  
fore not carrying any load, or mounted by one person only,  
or heavily loaded. If the marks of the two fore feet appear to  
be deeper in the sand, he concludes that the camel had a  
weak breast, and this serves him as a clue to ascertain the  
owner. In fact a Bedouin, from the impression of a camel's  
or of his driver's footsteps, draws so many conclusions, that  
he always learns something concerning the beast or its owner;  
and in some cases this mode of acquiring knowledge appears  
almost supernatural. The Bedouin sagacity in this respect  
is wonderful, and becomes particularly useful in the pursuit  
of fugitives; or in searching after cattle. I have seen a man  
discover and trace the footsteps of his camel in a sandy val-  
ley, where a thousand of other footsteps crossed the road in  
every direction; and this person could tell the name of every  
one who had passed there in the course of that morning. I  
myself found it often useful to know the impressions made  
by the feet of my own camels and camels; as from cir-  
cumstances which inevitably occur in the desert, travellers  
sometimes are separated from their friends. In passing  
through dangerous districts, the Bedouin guides will seldom  
permit a townsman or stranger to walk by the side of his  
camel.—If he wears shoes, every Bedouin who passes will  
know by the impression that some townsman has travelled  
that way; and, if he walk barefooted, the mark of his step,  
less full than that of a Bedouin, immediately betrays the foot  
of a townsman little accustomed to walk. It is therefore to  
be apprehended that the Bedouins, who regard every town-  
man as a rich man, might suppose him loaded with valuable  
property, and accordingly set out in pursuit of him. A keen  
Bedouin guide is constantly and exclusively occupied during  
his march in examining footsteps, and frequently alights from  
his camel to acquire certainty respecting their nature. I have  
known instances of camels being traced by their masters dur-  
ing a distance of six days' journey, to the dwelling of the  
man who had stolen them. Many secret transactions are  
brought to light by this knowledge of the athr, or footsteps;  
and a Bedouin can scarcely hope to escape detection in any  
clandestine proceeding, as his passage is recorded upon the  
road in characters that every one of his Arabian neighbours  
can read."—Notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys, by Burck-  
hardt.

INSTINCTIVE LOVE OF FLESH IN TIGERS.—A party of gen-  
tlemen from Bombay, one day visiting the stupendous cavern  
temple of Elephanta, discovered a tiger's whelp in one of the  
obscure recesses of the edifice. Desirous of kidnapping the  
cub, without encountering the fury of its dam, they took it  
up hastily and cautiously, and retreated. Being left entirely  
at liberty, and extremely well fed, the tiger grew rapidly,  
appeared tame, and fondling as a dog, and in every respect  
entirely domesticated. At length, when it had attained a  
vast size, and, notwithstanding its apparent gentleness, it be-  
gan to inspire terror, by its tremendous powers of doing mis-  
chief, a piece of raw meat, dripping with blood, fell in its  
way. It is to be observed that, up to that moment, it had  
been studiously kept from raw animal food. The instant,  
however, it had dipped its tongue in blood, something like  
madness seemed to have seized upon the animal—a destruc-  
tive principle, hitherto dormant, was awakened—it darted  
fiercely, and with glaring eyes, upon its prey—tore it with  
fury to pieces, and growling and roaring in the most fearful  
manner, rushed off towards the jungles.—Brown, *anecdotes*.

DRAKE'S FIRST VIEW OF THE PACIFIC.—It was in this  
expedition across the Isthmus of Panama that Drake, from  
the first sight of the Pacific, received that inspiration, which,  
in the words of Camden, "left him no rest in his own mind  
till he had accomplished his purpose of sailing an English  
ship in those seas." The account of this adventure, alluded  
to in the beginning of this volume, is in one original history  
so interesting and picturesque, that we transfer it without  
mutilation:—"On the twelfth day we came to the height of  
the desired hill (lying east and west like a ridge between the  
two seas), about ten of the clock, where the chiefest of the  
Symerons took our captain by the hand, and prayed him to  
follow him. Here was that goodly and great high tree, in  
which they had cut, and made divers steps, to ascend near the  
top, where they had made a convenient bower, wherein ten or  
twelve men might easily sit; and from thence we might see  
the Atlantic Ocean we came from, and the South Atlantic  
so much desired. South and north of this tree they had felled  
certain trees, that the prospect might be the clearer. After  
our captain had ascended to this bower with the chief Syme-  
ron, and having, as it pleased God at this time by reason of  
the breeze, a very fair day, had seen that sea of which he  
had heard such golden reports, he besought of Almighty God  
of his goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an  
English ship in that sea, and then, calling up all the rest of  
our men, acquainted John Oxnam (especially with this his  
petition and purpose, if it should please God to grant him  
that happiness.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

HENRY ERSKINE.—The Honourable Henry Erskine being  
one day in London, in company with the Duchess of Gordon,  
he asked her, "Are we never again to enjoy the honour  
and pleasure of your Grace's society at Edinburgh?"  
"Oh!" said she, "Edinburgh is a vile, dull place; I hate  
it." "Madam," replied the gallant barrister, "the Sun  
might as well say, 'There's a vile, dark morning, I'—it rise  
to-day."



## THE VOICE OF SPRING.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long,  
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!  
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth,  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,  
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers  
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,  
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fane,  
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.  
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,  
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,  
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,  
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,  
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,  
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,  
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lake,  
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and fountains I have loosed the chrin,  
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,  
They are dinging spray on the forest boughs—  
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!  
Where the violets lie may he now your home.  
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,  
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,  
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,  
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,  
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,  
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,  
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,  
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,  
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye! ye are changed since ye met me last;  
A shade of earth has been round you cast!  
There is that come over your brow and eye,  
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!  
Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness yet—  
Oh, what have ye look'd on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here  
All whom I saw in the vanished year!  
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,  
Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light;  
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay  
No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps, that flew o'er the cowslip's head,  
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;  
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,  
And had not a sound of mortality!  
—Are they gone!—is their mirth from the green hills pass'd—  
Ye have look'd on death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,  
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!  
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,  
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race!  
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown  
They are gone from amongst you in silence down.

They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair—  
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!  
—But I know of a world where there falls no blight,  
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!  
Where death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,  
I tarry no longer—farewell—farewell!

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,  
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!  
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,  
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more.  
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,  
And the flowers are not death's—fare ye well, farewell!

**VARIETY OF HABIT IN SPIDERS.**—The habits of spiders vary greatly. Some rest in the centre of their webs, the outstretched cordage of which warns them of the temporary entanglement of their prey, on which they instantly rush, and devour, after the infliction of a mortal wound. Others seek the protection of a leaf or other natural harbour, and only appear in the more open parts of their premises when lured by an expected capture. Many spin comfortable tunnels, or horizontal watch-towers, as they may be called, in which they repose till the vibration of their nets calls them into active service. An extensive tribe of erratic species (the *Vagabunda*) spin no webs at all, but trust to strength, activity, and cunning, for their daily, or it may be, monthly fare; for spiders, though voracious in times of abundance, are capable of frequent and long-continued abstinence. The webless species are often endowed with the faculty of leaping, and after insidiously approaching their prey by the most wary and almost imperceptible footsteps, they spring upon it at once, and inflict the fatal wound. Several kinds hunt down their insect food by speed of foot; and a few are nocturnal, and surprise their defenceless and unsuspecting victims during the darkness of the night.—*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

**GREAT STRENGTH OF THE BEAR.**—Captains Lewis and Clarke, in their travels to the source of the Missouri, give the following striking instance of the astonishing physical powers of the bear, which proves that he is a formidable enemy to encounter.—“One evening, the men in the hindmost of the canoes discovered a large brown bear lying in the open grounds, about three hundred paces from the river. Six of them, all good hunters set out to attack him;

and concealing themselves by a small eminence, came unperceived within forty paces of him. Four of them now fired, and each lodged a ball in his body, two of them directly through the lungs. The enraged animal sprang up, and ran open mouthed at them. As he came near, the two hunters who had reserved their fire, gave him two wounds, one of which, breaking his shoulder, retarded his motion for a moment; but, before they could reload, he was so near, that they were obliged to run to the river, and when they reached it, he had almost overtaken them. Two jumped into the canoe; the other four separated, and, concealing themselves in the willows, fired as fast as each could load. They struck him several times, which only exasperated him; and he at last pursued two of them so closely, that they kaped down a perpendicular bank of twenty feet in the river. The bear sprang after them, and was within a few feet of the hindmost, when one of the hunters from the shore shot him in the head, and killed him. They dragged him to the banks of the river, and found that eight balls had passed through his body.”

**THE CIRCULATING MEDIUM.**—To count 5,000,000 of guineas, at the rate of a guinea every second, and working 2 hours a-day, would employ one person nearly four months. A refinement in giving velocity to the circulating medium is practised by about two-thirds of the private bankers of the metropolis. According to the report of the bullion committee, the daily payments made to these bankers amounted on an average to 4,700,000*l.* If that sum were to be paid daily by one debtor to his creditor, without the intervention of banking, and in coins, even of gold of one guinea each, the multitude of people that would be required to convey the specie from place to place, would crowd the metropolis from one end to the other, since even more than 4,700,000*l.* would probably be wanted. To make payments in all the variety of sums which would be necessary by the customers of the whole bankers, and the Bank of England, it might require 5, 10, or perhaps 20 times 4,700,000*l.* daily; as the matter, however, is contrived, instead of this enormous sum of 4,700,000*l.* in coin, these daily payments, amounting in a year to 1,457,000,000*l.* are made by means of the comparatively trifling sum of 220,000*l.* daily for 310 days, or 68,000,000*l.* yearly. The merchants agree that their orders on their respective bankers shall not be presented until the end of the day, when the bankers meet and settle and exchange all the drafts and orders on each other, paying the difference in bank notes, which is calculated to amount, on an average, to 220,000*l.* a-day. If about two-thirds of the private bankers in London pay 1,500,000,000*l.* yearly for a part of their customers, how much must that yearly sum be increased by what the whole of the bankers and the Bank of England pay, including the public revenue and loans! When it is considered also that this vast and almost incalculable number of payments are all accomplished by means of about 22,000,000*l.* in bank notes and gold coins, the velocity of its circulation will appear to be most truly astonishing.—*Bell's Popular and Scientific Geography.*

**ADVENTURE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.**—In the height of the dry season, when in those torrid regions all animated nature pants with consuming thirst, a party of the wood-cutters English and Irish, went to hunt in the neighbourhood of a lake called Pies Pond in Beef Island, one of the smaller islands of the Bay of Campeachy. To this pond the wild cattle repaired in herds to drink, and here the hunters lay in wait for them. The chase had been prosecuted with great success for a week, when an Irishman of the party, going into the water during the day, stumbled upon an alligator, which seized him by the knee. His cries alarmed his companions, who, fearing that he had been seized by the Spaniards, to whom the island belonged, and who chose the dry season to hunt and repel their unwelcome neighbours, instead of affording assistance, fled from the huts which they had erected. The Irishman, seeing no appearance of help, with happy presence of mind quietly waited till the alligator loosened its teeth to take a new and surer hold; and when it did so, snatched away his knee, interposing the butt-end of his gun in its stead, which the animal seized so firmly that it was jerked out of the man's hand and carried off. He then crawled up a neighbouring tree, again shouting after his comrades, who now found courage to return. His gun was found next day dragged ten or twelve paces from the place where it had been seized by the alligator.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

**MENTAL FORTITUDE DEPENDENT ON HABIT.**—When life is in danger, either in a storm or a battle, it is certain that less fear is felt by the commander or the pilot, and even by the private soldier actively engaged, or the common seaman laboriously occupied, than by those who are exposed to the peril, but not employed in the means of guarding against it. The reason is not that the one class believe the danger to be less. They are likely in many instances to perceive it more clearly. But having acquired a habit of instantly turning their thoughts to the means of counteracting the danger, their minds are thrown into a state which excludes the ascendancy of fear. Mental fortitude entirely depends on this habit. The timid horseman is haunted by the horrors of a fall. The bold and skilful thinks only about the best way of curbing or supporting his horse. Even when all means are equally unavailable, and his condition appears desperate to the by-stander, he still owes to his fortunate habit that he does not suffer the agony of the coward. Many cases have been known where fortitude has reached such strength, that the faculties, instead of being confounded by danger, are never raised to their highest activity by a less violent stimulant. The distinction between such men and the coward does not depend on difference of opinion about the reality or extent of the danger, but on a state of mind which renders it more or less accessible to fear.—*Encyclopedia Britannica, new edition, Sir James Mackintosh's Dissertation.*

**USE OF THE SEA BENT.**—The Norwegian peasants have been lauded for their dexterity in manufacturing numerous utensils with the aid of no other instrument than a hatchet

a saw, and a knife; and the Highland peasant has been represented as deficient in industry and ingenuity, because he has not succeeded in producing the like marvels. But the depreciators of the “unfortunate Celt” should have first learned, that many districts afford no wood of any kind upon which he could exercise his ingenuity, and that the drift timber which the Atlantic carries to his shores, has invariably been taken by the lairds and factors. There remain for him but a few grasses and other herbaceous vegetables on which to try his skill! The most important of these is the land or sea bent, *Arundo arenaria*. When cut before the seeds have ripened, the leaves of this grass possess a great degree of tenacity, in consequence of which they have been converted to many important uses. It is made into ropes of various kinds for the accoutrement of their horses, securing their corn stacks and thatch roofs, for chair bottoms, mats for winnowing corn, and vessels of various kinds for holding and preparing grain and meal. For the latter purpose, it is twisted, and the different rounds are bound together by the long, slender, and very tough roots, which the plant sends into the sand-banks often to the length of twenty feet. Some of the smaller of these vessels are hardly inferior in beauty to those which the Caffres form of better materials. The mats are woven of small ropes in a frame. Sacks and bags for holding grain, meal, and wool, are made in the same manner. In short, this important plant has been applied to all imaginable purposes. But, in future, it will be less useful to the poor tenants, owing to the care which the proprietors have begun to take of the sandy pastures; and, in truth, the digging in the roots of this grass, and of the *Galium verum*, cannot fail to be productive of much injury to such pastures.

**RIVERS.**—The sources of the greatest rivers are not the most remarkable for the features that surround them. The sources of the mighty rivers of the western hemisphere, even of the great rivers of Africa or Asia, have not, as far as is known, been visited by the traveller, with the single exception of the Nile; their sources are probably placed amid those unapproached solitudes, where the foot of man has never yet wandered; what appearances of nature may preside over their birth we have no means of knowing; but it does not appear from the narrative of Bruce that the sources of the Nile afforded any example of extraordinary sublimity. The sources of the large rivers of the European continent are many of them well known; but the sources of neither the Rhine, the Rhone, nor the Danube, present those majestic and imposing features that distinguish the sources of some of the smaller class. Nor is this difficult to explain, the large rivers have not one, but many sources; and as the source, *par excellence*, we mount to the highest, which invariably lies among the upper fields of snow. The smaller rivers, on the other hand, may gush at once from a single spring, placed perhaps among the rocks, and ravines, and precipices, which lie lower than the fine of congelation. It is, at all events, a fact, that the most sublime sources are those which belong to the smaller rivers.—*Monthly Magazine.*

**SEA-FIGHT OF THE BUCCANEERS IN THE BAY OF PANAMA.**—Before the Buccaneers had finished consultation on their plan of operation, the Spanish fleet advanced upon them, and battle was resolved on. And “lying to windward of the enemy, we had it not,” says Dampier, “in our choice whether to fight or not. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we weighed, and being all under sail, we bore down right after the wind on our enemies, who kept close to a wind to come to us; but night came on without any thing beside the exchanging of a few shot on each side. When it grew dark, the Spanish admiral put out a light as a signal for his fleet to come to anchor. We saw this light at the admiral's top for about half an hour, and then it was taken down. In a short time after we saw the light again, and being to windward, we kept under sail, supposing the light had been in the admiral's top; but, as it proved, this was only a stratagem of theirs, for this light was put out the second time at one of the barks' topmast head, and then she was sent to leeward, which deceived us, for we thought still 'his light was in the admiral's top, and by that means ourselves to windward of them.” At daybreak, the Buccaneer found that by this stratagem the Spaniards had got the weatherage of them, and were bearing down full sail, which compelled them to run for it; and a running fight was maintained all day, till, having made a turn almost round the bay, they anchored at night whence they had set out in the morning. Thus terminated their hopes of the treasure-ships.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

**CRAB FISHERS.**—Brickell gives an interesting account, in his *History of North Carolina*, of the wonderful cunning manifested by the racoon in that country. It is fond of crabs, and, when in quest of them, will take its station by a swamp, and hang its tail over into the water, which the crabs mistake for food, and lay hold of it; as soon as the racoon feels them pinch, he pulls up his tail with a sudden jerk, and they generally quit their hold upon being removed from the water. The racoon instantly seizes the crabs in his mouth, removes them to a distance from the water, and greedily devours his prey. He is very careful how he takes them upon which he always does from behind, holding them transversely, in order to prevent them catching his mouth with their nippers.

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